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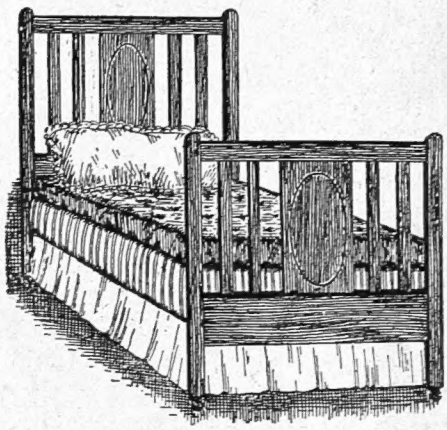
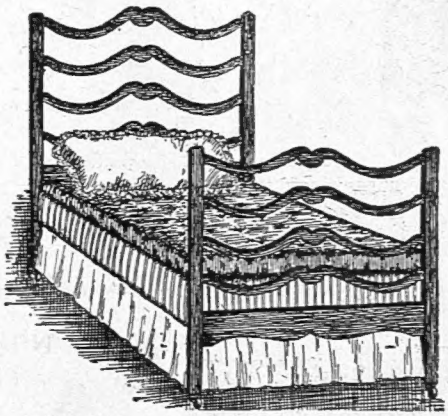
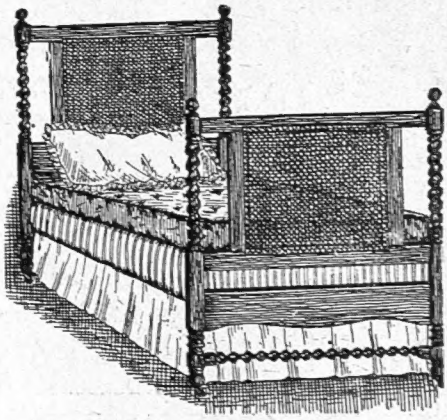


3ft. Solid Mahogany Bedstead, beautifully finished - - £2 : 10 : 0



3ft. Mahogany Ladder back Bedstead in Chippendale style - £2 : 15 : 0



3ft. Solid Oak Bedstead in the style of Charles II. - - £4 : 10 : 0

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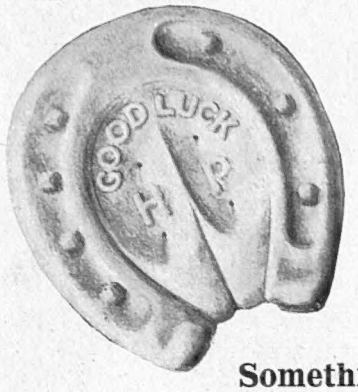

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The BYSTANDER

LADY WOLSELEY

THE NEW PEERESS IN HER OWN RIGHT

Viscountess Wolseley, daughter of the late Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, who has succeeded to the title of her father by special remainder. Lady Wolseley has for some time past conducted a horticultural school for instructing ladies in gardening on scientific principles, at Glynde, Sussex, where this photograph was taken

Bystander Comments

LORD ROBERT CECIL

Whose cross-examination of Sir Rufus Isaacs has greatly enhanced his reputation

The Attitude

Waiting in a fog for a funeral describes the attitude of the London public on the morning of writing. It is a little ironic to reflect that, to the vast majority of the crowd, Wolseley was but a name, though the late General's contemporary, Lord Roberts, is still a popular figure. Since he retired from the Command-in Chief, Lord Wolseley had taken little or no part in public life, and the crowd's silent tribute was to a name rather than a personality.

***

The Airship Scare

I decline to be too seriously alarmed about the German airship programme, for I believe that in ten years' time we shall all be looking back on ourselves with derision for having attached so much importance to airships. In the war now drawing to a close there have been aeroplanes in use, skilfully manned, on both sides. Not only have they failed to drop projectiles, but they have not even proved reliable spies. Owing to the height at which one has to fly to be out of range of guns, it is impossible to see anything that is worth seeing on *terra firma*. However, I may be wrong. We shall live to see.

***

Greek "Victories"

The fall of Adrianople may end the war, or it may not. Meanwhile, an interesting sidelight on Greek methods reaches me from my Sofia correspondent, and I give it for what it is worth. "The Greeks," he says, "never took Janina by open fighting: they bribed the Turkish commander to surrender. They did the same at Salonica. In fact, the Greeks have done very little fighting in this war, and any small success has been magnified into a great victory."

***

A Needed Holiday

Mr. Churchill's proposed naval holiday has not, as was expected, been taken seriously. If, however, the First Lord feels like a holiday himself, an anxious nation would spare him, and, if necessary, the use of the Admiralty yacht. About six months would be the time needed to repair the damage to the national prestige caused by his latest effort of ineptitude.

***

Of Two Evils

It is not surprising that the proposal is attributed abroad to Machiavellism. This we bear patiently. On the whole, it is safer for foreigners to regard the head of our Navy as a knave than the other thing.

***

Cæsar's Wife

As my cruse of unctuous rectitude is run nearly dry, I have nothing much to spare in the way of condemnation for Sir Rufus Isaacs. Even if I had, space would forbid me stating it at the requisite length. That Sir Rufus has been indiscreet, even he himself will not deny. Apart from all the circumstances, the country has a right to expect that its Attorney-General shall be as free as possible from the speculative

TRYING THE BADGER'S JOB FOR ONCE!

"Bob" (Cecil) gets home several times on "Rufus," the Wire(less) Haired Champion, refusing to be shaken off

RUFUS (with fur flying freely): "Here! ow-w!! Lloydy, you can have a turn at it!"

(By E. T. Reed)

Sir Rufus Isaacs, Marconi, and the "Titanic"

MR. AMERY, M.P.
Unionist Member of the Inquiry, who cross-examined the arch cross-examiner with great skill

habit, no matter what the stocks. As the high legal adviser of the Crown, his personal interests should be out of range of possible conflict with his duty. It cannot be said that, as a shareholder in any Marconi Company, American, Japanese, Thibetan, or Timbuctooish, he was so out of range, and I will present my contemporaries with an example of what I mean *gratis*.

***

Sir Rufus Isaacs and the "Titanic"

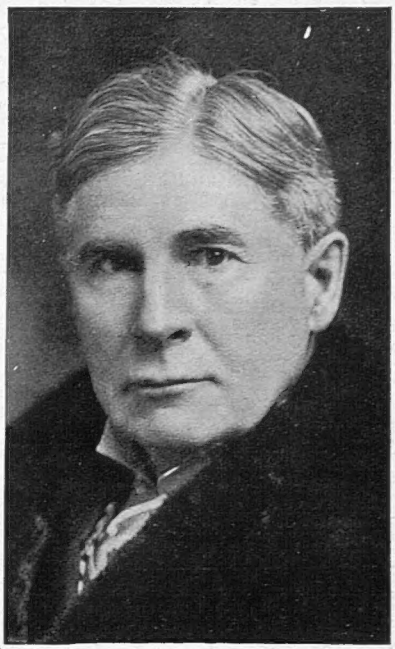
Last spring, being a shareholder in a Marconi Company, Sir Rufus Isaacs was acting for the Crown in an inquiry in which the efficiency of the Marconi system was under scrutiny. I mean the *Titanic* Inquiry. It is quaint, is it not, to reflect on the fact that the cross-examination of Marconi himself, and other witnesses belonging to a company whose methods were under examination, should have been in the hands of a shareholder in one of the companies whose interests would certainly have been damaged had the name of Marconi suffered loss of prestige. Not that Sir Rufus himself could conceivably have been influenced by considerations of his own interest in such a connection, but the appearance of the thing is bad, when one comes to look back on it.

SIR RUFUS ISAACS, K.C., M.P.

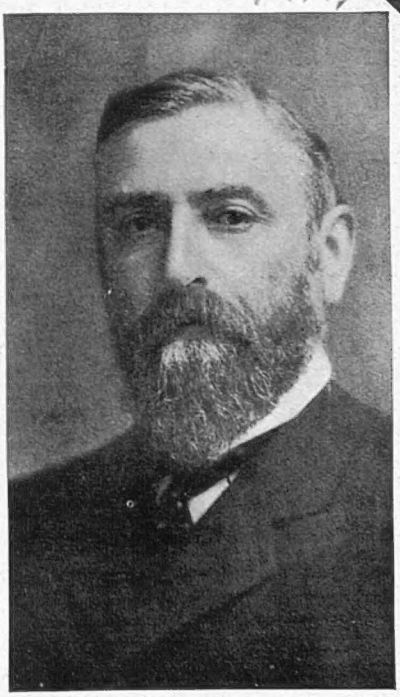
***

Not Corrupt, but——

The other bad-looking aspect is the buying of the shares, before they were offered to the public, from his brother at a favourable price. Again, there is no suggestion of corruption. But it doesn't read well, and it exposes the Attorney-General to a criticism, on both sides of politics, which may prejudice his future Ministerial career. He would however, always have the Bar to fall luxuriously back upon, though I hope his experience of *how it feels* to be a witness will not lower his cross-examining form.



MR. MACMASTER, M.P.
A leading Unionist Member of the Inquiry; the popular Irishman who sits for the Chertsey Division



MR. FALCONER, M.P.
A Liberal Member of the Inquiry. He scored rather less brilliantly in defence of Sir Rufus Isaacs than in his attacks on Mr. Lawson and Mr. Maxse

MR. HANDEL BOOTH, M.P.
Whose complete lack of resemblance to either Handel or General Booth will be noted. He has played a sort of comedy part in the Inquiry, of which he is a Liberal Member

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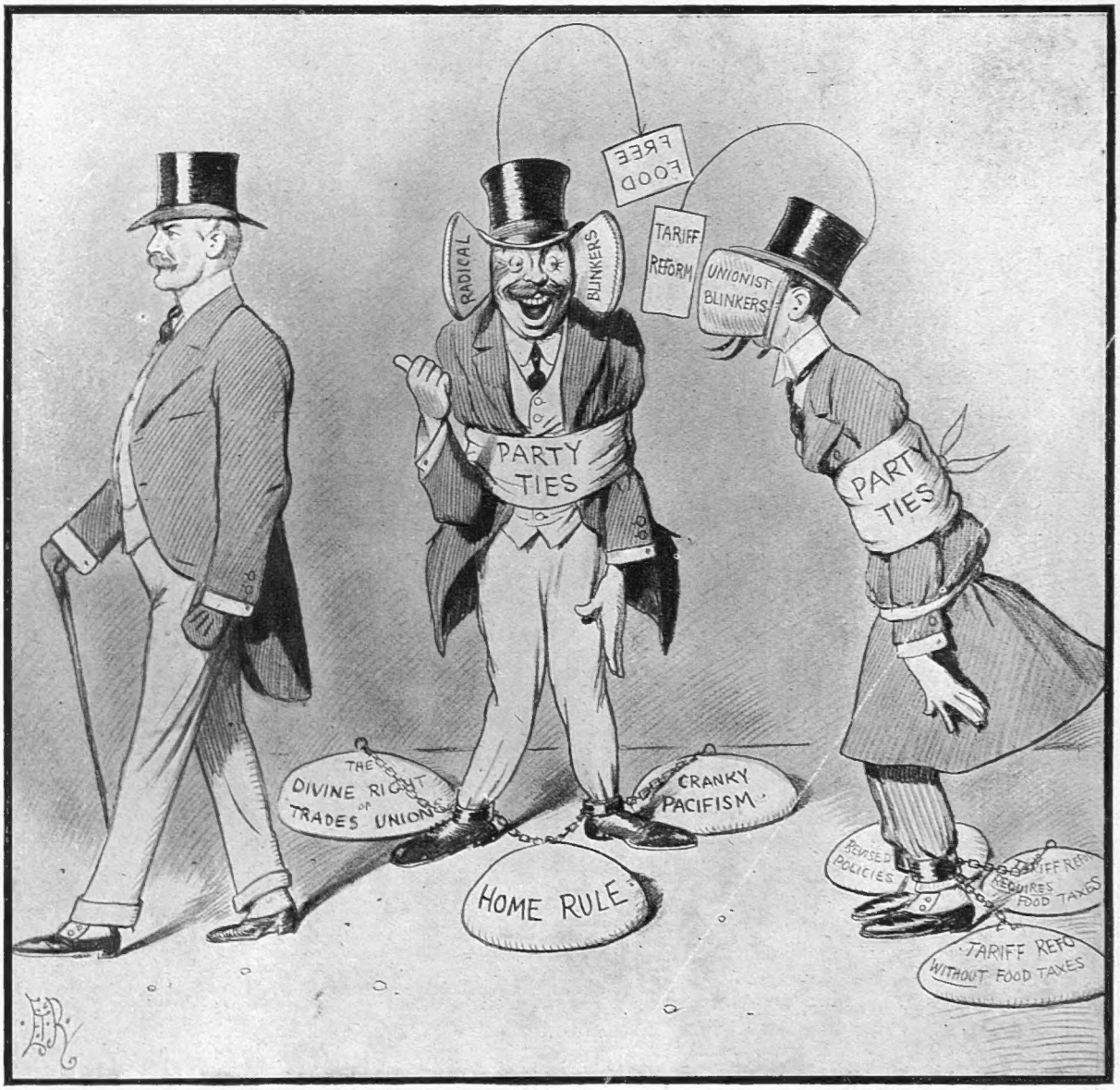
The Fashion For Common-Sense

True Kindness

It is pleasant to find the big landowners in this country getting so closely into touch nowadays with the other persons who occupy the earth with them. The Duke of Marlborough, for instance, through his articles in the *Daily Mail*, has enabled even the humblest City clerk to learn how to deal with the land question; while Lord and Lady Graham, the richest landowners in Scotland, have made an even more practical concession by deciding to grant building sites for summer residences on the Island of Allan (which will, incidentally, double their present paltry revenue from that island of some £20,000 a year).

German Etiquette

I am told that the (perhaps not altogether unforeseen) result of the Earl of Chester's visit to Germany has been to impress his mind very deeply with the difference between English and German Court etiquette—to the very great advantage of the former. He has sometimes chafed at restraints, but the home *régime* will seem absolute liberty after the experience of German Courts. For at the English Court to-day there is hardly any of that very formal, and, to modern ideas, absurd insistence on infinitesimal observances with which the all-pervading influence of Albert the Good Teutonised the Court of Queen Victoria.



AFTER THE KENDAL ELECTION

(At which a plain, common-sense Englishman was elected, despite the opposition of the Party caucus)

FIRST PARTY POLITICIAN *(in blinkers)*: "Ha, ha, ha! That's funny—doosid funny. Fancy the country preferring a mere ordinary chap like that to *you!*"

SECOND DITTO: "And to you, too! Fact is, old fellow, the country's sick of both of us, and seems to *like* that sort of chap!"

BY E. T. REED

Last Week's Social Activities

Not in "Debrett"

The Earl of Chester, by the way—though strictly, I suppose, one oughtn't to mention it—is really the Prince of Wales.

"HERE THEY COME"

Lady Cicely Pierrepont, Lady Victoria Bentinck, and Lady Sibell Pierrepont watching the races at the Rufford Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting at Ollerton last week

Incognito

These royal *incognito* titles are, I have no doubt, the necessary and indispensable thing on such occasions. A properly constituted and correctly trained Court mind presumably appreciates to the full their value and importance. But to the ordinary layman, one must confess, it is not quite so clear what exactly is the point of such travelling names as, for instance, the Earl of Sussex, Countess Sundridge, or the Countess of Carisbrooke, when all the world knows, and there is no attempt to conceal the fact, that the distinguished voyagers are, in reality, the Duke of Connaught, the Duchess of Argyll, or Princess Henry of Battenberg, as the case may be. In any other connection such very transparent make-believe might seem (to the aforesaid ignorant layman) almost childish.

* * *

The Limit

The indiscriminate publication of purely personal details about the Royal family has been remarked on before in these columns. But in the matter of reticence and good taste all previous efforts pale before the enterprise of a daily paper in recording for its readers last week how Princess Mary took Holy Communion for the first time.

* * *

Tropical Rest-Cures

There was a time, and not so long ago, when to go abroad for a holiday *en famille* was something of an undertaking. It was not a sensational feat exactly, but one mentioned it in conversation. Now travelling has got so much simpler that you take your children with you round the world, as Lord and Lady Nunburnholme are doing in the little trip they start this week. As for Central Africa, it's become a sort of Society preserve for sporting honeymoons or "rest-cures" after the decree *nisi*. Even lone ladies wander round—giving local administrators a vast deal of trouble to see they come to no harm—and write books when they get home saying how safe and easy life is out there.

* * *

Centenarising

That's one reason why the Livingstone centenary celebrations last week didn't arouse any very fervent national enthusiasm. Another is that Livingstone, like most African explorers, is not exactly a sympathetic figure. From all accounts he was an unsociable character, who was positively furious when he was "found." And why centenarise, anyway? If a man's fame is enduring, it will endure without these fussy functions, which generally seem to be got up to give prominence to the more or less distinguished persons who take part in them rather than to the nominal hero of the occasion.

Photograph] A HUNTING GROUP IN THE DUKERIES [*Howard Barrett*

Lord and Lady Manvers recently entertained some well-known followers of the Rufford Hounds at Thoresby Park

Reading from left to right, our photograph shows Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Otter, Lady Sibell Pierrepont, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Kenworthy, Countess Manvers, Mr. Hubbersty, Lady Cicely Pierrepont, Earl Manvers (Master of the Rufford Hunt), Miss Williams Wynn and Lady Alice Pierrepont

Before Aintree—Aylesbury

AND THEN THE END OF THE 'CHASING SEASON

Photograph *Sport and General*
Reading from left to right: LADY MARY FITZ-MAURICE AND HER MOTHER, THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY, WITH TWO FRIENDS

MISS FORD, AND THE HON. MONICA GRENFELL, WITH HER BROTHER

MR. HARTIGAN AND LADY DALMENY

Photograph *Sport and General*
LADY IRIS CAPELL (standing), MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, THE EARL OF ESSEX (with glasses)

THE CROWDED STAND AT THE VALE OF AYLESBURY MEETING LAST WEEK

Most favourable weather conditions prevailed at the annual Vale of Aylesbury Meeting held last Thursday, and some good sport resulted. Mr. Evelyn de Rothschild rode an excellent race with Emigrant in the opening event, and Mr. B. H. Nicholson was successful in steering King of Them All to victory in the Heavy-weight Hunt Steeplechase. A large muster of Society people were present at the meeting, some of whom are seen in the above photographs

New People in the Near East

The Empty Throne

If it is true, as reported, that the Duc de Montpensier is going to Albania to try and win the new throne by force of arms, it will be quite a refreshing piece of activity on the part of the *fainéants* Bourbon pretenders of to-day. The modern Orléans branch certainly hasn't done much in the social or diplomatic way to regain its old supremacy — as England remembers. The Duc's elder brother, the Duc d'Orléans, shut himself up at Wood Norton when he lived there, and his chief attempt to ingratiate himself with France was to congratulate a Paris cartoonist on a scurrilous caricature of Queen Victoria! Yes, if ever an Orléans gets a European throne again I think it will have to be done by violence.

* *
*

Acclimatised

Les rois en exil are, of course, proverbially haughty and ungrateful to the people that shelter them—with the single exception of Dom Manoel, who skates at Prince's, flirts with the duchess's daughter, and, in fact, has taken to all the manners and customs of English Society with positive enthusiasm. But, then, he knows he has come to stay.

* *
*

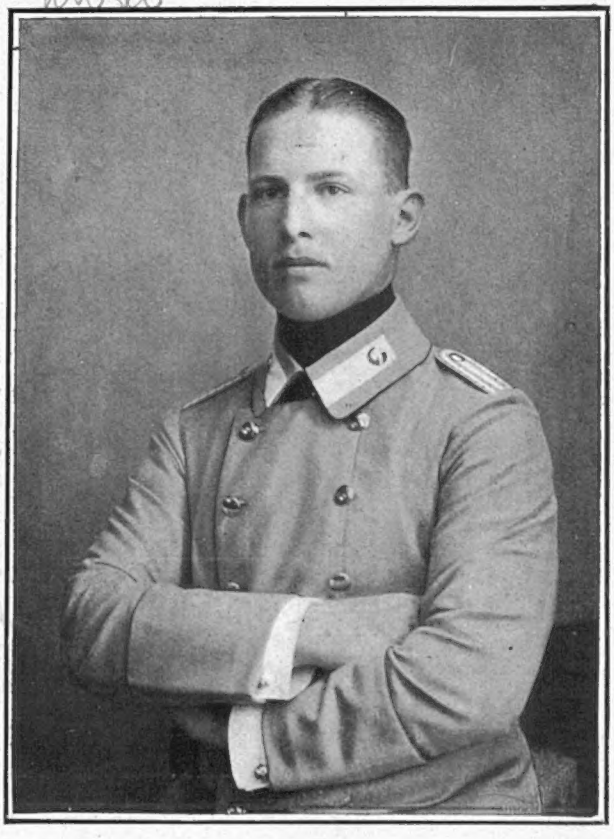
Society Disappointments

Full mourning for the King of the Hellenes ends next week, without having directly affected London entertaining to any extent (since there was hardly any to affect), though it has, of course, upset the unfortunate Dublin season, and will probably make many people return later than they otherwise would have done from Paris, Italy, the Riviera, or wherever they may have made their Easter migration. In Rome, by the way, they had to postpone the Embassy fancy dress ball and other big functions last week, for which a number of English people, including Miss Violet Keppel and her mother (*tempora mutantur!*) came over specially.

* *
*

That Venetian Night

On the whole, the other fancy dress dance queen, Lady Diana Manners, had the better of it this time. She remained at Belvoir, where a large party will be entertained for the Croxton Park Races next week before the Duchess of Rutland comes up to Town for the season. Possibly Lady Diana was not over-anxious to revisit Italy just at present. Certain experiences at Venice last autumn, already referred to in THE BYSTANDER, were not calculated to leave the most pleasant of memories.



Photograph *Kent Lacey*

THE YOUNGER GENERATION IN GRECIAN ROYALTIES

Recent photographs of two of the children of the new King and Queen of Greece, Princess Helen and Crown Prince George, aged respectively seventeen and twenty-two

* *
*

Limitations

Having rendered unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and acknowledged Lord Wolseley's gallantry as a soldier and excellence in "little wars," one can't help also regretting a little that the posthumous plaudits on his "successful" career have most of them gone so far beyond Cæsar's meed.

This Week's Beauty

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF LADY JEAN COCHRANE

The second daughter of that famous Cavalry leader the Earl of Dundonald

A Soldier Peer Succeeded—

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY

Who died at Mentone last week in his eightieth year. The famous soldier served in the Burmese War, the Crimea (where he was severely wounded), the Indian Mutiny, and the Ashanti War. He also saw active service in China and Egypt

"Nothing exceeds like success," might be Lord Wolseley's Wilde-ian epitaph. For up to a point (date about 1882) he showed himself a good man. Where he, and others, made the mistake was in supposing—and acting on the supposition—that he was also a great man.

* * *

The Newest Journalism

One morning picture paper, by the way, boldly described the late Field-Marshal in its headline as "the Lord Roberts of his day." This seems to open up a new and interesting field of biographical comparison. Mr. Winston Churchill, for instance, would doubtless be dubbed by this journal "the Lloyd George of his time," while Sir George Alexander would be "the Tree of the Twentieth Century!"

Petticoat Influence

Lord Wolseley's title, like Lord Roberts's, passes by special remainder to his daughter, who runs a school for lady gardeners in Sussex and leads the simple country life—unlike the other Lady Wolseley, her mother, who was noted in former years for her wonderful clothes and assiduous cultivation of Society, an apparently irrelevant factor in military matters, whose importance, nevertheless, Lord Wolseley is said to have fully recognised.

* * *

High Spirits

The traditional humours associated with the 1st of April have rather fallen into disuse in late years. The fact is we men have all been getting more and more dull and polite about each other's feelings and belongings, and it has been left to the "merry little Suffragettes," as Mr. Barclay Gammon calls them in his famous song, to revive for us the more high-spirited kind of joke which had become almost obsolete outside the 'Varsities—where I understand they still make bonfires of other people's property now and then. But, of course, as it's not done for any particular object, they don't get sent to, and released from, prison.

* * *

On the War Path

Lord Nicholson being back at last from his protracted inquiry into Indian army matters, and his report presented, there is every prospect of a sensational "scrap" between him and Lord Kitchener in the near future. For it was K. of K.'s policy, of course, that he was sent out by an economical Government to criticise, and as both he and General Creagh dislike the scheme, there will probably be very little left of it when they've all finished. But if it's upset, Lord Kitchener has sworn to throw up his job and come home to fight for his pet scheme tooth and nail. Is this the real reason of Colonel Seely's recent practice flight in an aeroplane?

* * *

Of Course

Lord Nicholson's arrival in this country having been fixed for almost the same date as the Duke of Connaught's, need I add that he was promptly

By a Gardening Peeress

Photograph *Clarke and Hyde*

A GARDENING VISCOUNTESS

An interesting photograph, republished from an issue of March 18th, 1908, showing the new Viscountess Wolseley (with fork) giving a lesson to some of her pupils at Glynde, Sussex, where she conducts a School for Horticulture

announced in the Press as the future Governor-General of Canada (No. 23)?

* * *

Ambassador Hunting

I really cannot sympathise very deeply with Dr. Woodrow Wilson in his undignified failures to get a poor man to come here as Ambassador. I am all in favour of the rich kind, who are too busy giving and eating dinners to meddle in politics. Let us have Ambassadors about us who are fat. Meanwhile the U.S. Ambassadorship in London is getting nearly as big a bore as the Governor-Generalship of Canada.

* * *

Gilding the "Pill"

So Baron de Forest's "pill" at the Reform has been gilded by his election to the Eighty Club. Very satisfactory, no doubt, to everyone concerned, including the Eighty Club, which I am sure appreciates the honour of compensating the Baron for his rejection elsewhere.

* * *

Our Colour Plate

With this issue of THE BYSTANDER is presented a charming Supplement in colours by E. A. Morrow, entitled "Wanted on the Voyage," a novel variant of the popular and, shall we say, seasonable Cupid theme.

THE NEW VISCOUNTESS WOLSELEY

A later photograph, also taken at Glynde. Her Ladyship succeeds to the Viscounty of her distinguished father by special remainder

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

JUST to add to the evidence that the American Marconi Company is in no way affiliated to other Marconi companies, it might not be a bad thing if the directors were to give it a new name. We suggest the "Ministerial Investments Company."

* * *

"Inappropriate, indelicate, and unbecoming to Ministers" is Mr. Gibson Bowles description of the conduct of the Attorney-General and Mr. Lloyd George in reference to their American investments. Evidently they have not lost enough over them to stir the Bowles of compassion.

* * *

The medical officer of health for Poplar has suggested that disused Thames steamboats should be used as schools for consumptive children. One always felt that those steamboats of Mr. Burns must have their use, if only one could discover it. Somehow we never thought of them as schools.

* * *

It just shows how careful one should be not to condemn a thing too soon. Our disused Army airships, for example, may turn out to be the very thing in which to hold Evening Classes for the Feeble-Minded.

* * *

M. Blériot has just invented for the French War Office an armoured aeroplane which will resist shrapnel fire. We shall not be among those who blame Colonel Seely for not having our aeroplanes armoured, for what would be the good of it? Far better to begin with some aeroplanes that can get high enough to attract shrapnel fire.

* * *

Suttee, it appears, has just been revived in India, two widows having recently burnt themselves. Nobody would advocate the introduction of this practice into England, but it is the one form of arson which we believe some people would find excusable if Mrs. Pankhurst and her followers were to try it.

* * *

This "intermittent imprisonment" which Mr. M'Kenna has devised for Hunger-strikers may turn out to be less of a terror than he supposes. The fact is that intermittent things have a way of becoming popular in these days, when the love of change is so great. We believe Mr. M'Kenna would become popular if he were a little more intermittent.

* * *

It looks very much as though President Wilson will have to end by advertising for Ambassadors. "Wanted—for Berlin Embassy—capable man between twenty and eighty years of age. No uniform, and top-hat unnecessary." Something of that sort, with a bonus such as a contemporary offers to domestic servants, might bring forward some of the right sort of men.

* * *

By the way, though the President is said to be keen on filling the Embassies with Professors, it is wrong to suppose that these include the more commonplace kind of American Professor. Professors of swimming and javelin-throwing would certainly not be acceptable.

* * *

We were very sorry to hear of the disaster that befell the simple lifers of Shoreham Bungalow Town in the recent storm, but we always have had the feeling that a bungalow wasn't really the simplest thing a man could live in on the seashore. A mackintosh and a life-belt will henceforward, we hope, be seen to be all that is truly necessary for the simple-hearted coast-dweller.

* * *

A nasty breach of etiquette which is sure to be a good deal discussed by members of the profession occurred at Walthamstow last week. While a man was absent from his house on a charge of theft, a burglar broke into it and stole a number of valuables. The victim got two months.

* * *

One thing always seems to balance another in this country. Just as we read that the shortage of horses for the Army is, for example, becoming more serious than ever, we also read that the first trailer trams have been put on to the London streets. Somehow or other, you see, our Territorials will be able to get to the front when the call comes.

THE NEW CUPID

"Love letter is it, my dear? Let me see it. I'll soon tell yer. I'm a hexpert, you know!"

By Sid Treeby

Looking Ahead

A dance between each course at dinner is the latest notion in America. Should the idea catch on we may expect something like the following:

"May I have the pleasure of the soup dance, Miss Smith?"
"So sorry. I'm booked right up to the sweets"
"And afterwards?"
"Yes, rather. But do you mind if we eat it out?"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

New Plays at His Majesty's and the Garrick

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE HAPPY ISLAND" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

THIS is a play all about a valiant champion of lost causes who meets the unhappy fate of all champions of the kind. Derek Arden (Sir Herbert Tree) is moved to range himself on the side of some Happy Islanders who have the temerity to try and stop the march of progress as it is understood in these briskly commercial days; and Derek's funeral is quite a pretty and tasteful affair. The trouble arises from the traditional craving of the white man to give the native races the unspeakable blessings of civilisation—whether they want them or not. Andrew Remmington (Mr. Norman McKinnel) is a business man who has bought a concession in the Happy Island, where there is a mine yielding the constituents of radium. Now there is a very free market for radium in the Western World. Remmington does not pose as a philanthropist, but he cannot help pointing out that the uses of radium include the relief of human suffering and the general happiness of mankind. So far, perhaps, it has no advantages that are not claimed by any other patent nostrum; but the chief merit of radium in Remmington's eyes is that a tenth part of a grain, or thereabouts, will fetch twenty-five pounds sterling in the open market. And a mine that will positively yield the precious stuff by the ton is a distinctly liquid asset in these strenuous days.

Unfortunately the natives of the Happy Island are so hopelessly misguided that they cannot see the advantage of risking their lives for the benefit of the good British capitalist. They are quite content to pass their time in hunting and fishing and enjoying the kindly fruits of the earth which grow to such profusion in their favoured land; and money will not tempt them, for the absurd reason that they have no use for it. Derek Arden, a man-about-town who lives by his wits, after listening to the recital of the woes of the capitalist, tells Remmington facetiously that what he ought to do is to send to the island an up-to-date prophet who will convince the simple-minded natives that he is a duly authorised messenger of the very gods themselves. Having once gained their confidence, the prophet should proceed to preach to them of the dignity of labour and of the golden reward that is waiting in the next world for those who have worked for poor wages in this. It is not, of course, for me to comment upon this proposition beyond remarking that it is an extremely lively bombshell to have thrown into the arena of current polemics. As a plain business man Remmington thinks highly of the idea, and he at once offers Derek Arden the post of official prophet to the mining venture. It has been before remarked that modern conditions are constantly giving rise to new professions. Derek is the more ready to depart on his mission because he has been found out in a dangerous flirtation with Remmington's wife. This detail, however, is not a very material part of the story.

The principal character (with foundling) in "The Greatest Wish," recently produced at the Garrick Theatre

In the second act Derek arrives at the Happy Island, and, after "miraculously" overthrowing the tribal fetish with a concealed dynamite cartridge, bluffs the natives into the belief that he is a fetish of

"The Happy Island" gives Sir Herbert Tree the opportunity of presenting himself in the unusual character of a tribal deity, with a message to the native races that it is their duty to work for the white man; in fact, to bear the white man's burden for him at reduced rates of remuneration. Where the tribal deity fails to carry conviction, a British cruiser succeeds, and thus once more virtue (or thereabouts) is triumphant

MR. BOURCHIER AS A PRIEST

a superior kind. And as they sit at his feet he talks to them of the virtues of industry and self-denial until they are finally persuaded that it is for their eternal good that they shall descend into the malodorous mine at the certain risk either of lingering disease or sudden death. Not to put too fine a point upon it, they become the slaves of Remmington's agents, and when they show an impious reluctance to return to their uncongenial labour they are driven back to the mine with a crack of the whip. Derek is, in fact, a little shocked at the awful success of his bluff, and a climax is reached on the occasion of an explosion in the mine. With that fine and reckless heroism which is seen to such advantage on the stage he rushes into the burning mine at the risk of his life and drags out as many of the unhappy natives as are still alive. He then tells them all that his former revelation to them was a misprint, or something of that sort, and that he is now authorised to say that it is their business to go on living their butterfly lives in the sunshine, and to leave radium mines to the fiends that invented them.

A SCENE FROM "THE HAPPY ISLAND," AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

It will now be perceived that this is a problem play of a very acute kind. If it brings very little light to the aid of a long and dismal controversy, it at least affords a concrete example that should be useful to the good people who believe in taking sides. You can declare with a fine emphasis that the white man has no right to stand between the dusky Adam and his Eden; or you can take the coldly practical view that it appears to be the law of nature that the weak shall be mercilessly devoured by the strong. A useful aid to this latter train of thought is the appearance on the horizon of the Happy Island of a British man-of-war, Remmington having called for help on finding his concession likely to be in danger. By this time, though, Derek Arden's championship of the natives has become an obsession with him. No matter what the odds may be against them he urges them to resist with all their might. In spite of all that has been said about it lately, however, the British Navy is still an awkward thing to bump into, and certainly Derek Arden and his handful of natives could hardly expect to make a very large dent in it. The landing-party has only, as it were, to give itself a little shake, and a moment later we learn to our regret that Derek has been shot shrough the heart and that the natives have decided that it would not be right to go on fighting after their fetish has been killed. They, therefore, carry Derek's body down the stage and cover it with flowers, and we are left with the cold practical moral that although force may be no argument, it has a singularly clinching effect on any point in dispute. Sir Herbert Tree, excellently made-up, is quite convincing as the man of the world who succumbs to the influence of a poetic ideal.

"THE GREATEST WISH" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

This is a play of the homely sort, mixed up with priests and nuns to a degree that requires very careful handling. Its chief merit is that it affords Mr. Arthur Bourchier an opportunity, of which he takes full advantage, of appearing as a genial and kindly priest working in a busy quarter of the West End of London. In the prologue the priest finds a baby on the steps of the altar, the mother having committed suicide and left her child to his care. In due course the child, a girl, grows up, and has a love affair (as girls sometimes will, don't you know); and on being temporarily disappointed in love prepares to take the veil. This sad ending is, however, frustrated by the return of her lover, and all ends happily. From first to last it is the genial personality of the priest that dominates the stage. This must be one of Mr. Bourchier's most successful impersonations, and, if the author has got his religious atmosphere right, the play should be generally popular.

JINGLE

Playing a Dangerous Game

AN EPISODE IN "THE HAPPY ISLAND" AT HIS MAJESTY'S

CLAIR REMMINGTON (MISS NEILSON TERRY) TO DEREK ARDEN (SIR HERBERT TREE) "I WANT YOU — I LOVE YOU"

Derek Arden carries on a dangerous flirtation with Remmington's wife, in which he is found out. This episode, however, is not a very material part of the story, but hastens his departure for the "Happy Island," whither he goes to bluff the natives into the belief that their sole duty on earth is to work in a foul radium mine, the proceeds of which are intended to line the pockets of Arden's employer, Andrew Remmington

Amateur Footballers at The Hague

HOLLAND'S FIRST WIN AGAINST ENGLAND SINCE 1905

THE HOLLAND v. ENGLAND ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL MATCH: THE CROWD CHEERING HOLLAND'S FIRST GOAL

In this Amateur International Match at The Hague on Easter Monday, Holland gained her first victory over England by two goals to one. Twenty thousand spectators watched the match

ALTHOUGH the Dutch team are entitled to every credit for their first win against England in Association football at The Hague on Easter Monday, their victory does not mean that Dutch amateur footballers are stronger than English Amateur footballers; for the beaten team consisted of players drawn from clubs belonging to the Football Association, and it is in the ranks of clubs belonging to the Amateur Football Association (whose secession from the F.A. is now a matter of history) that many of the best amateur players — those who hail from the Public Schools and the 'Varsities—are found. Unfortunately, owing to the "split" and the F.A.'s boycott, which prohibits its amateurs from playing with, or against, the amateurs of the A.F.A., amateur "Soccer" players are divided up into two armies which cannot join forces, and, therefore, it follows that the very best amateur talent of England for international purposes is never available. However, the fact that Holland succeeded where she has failed before, shows that football is making great headway among the Dutch.

THE DUTCH TEAM

Photographs *Underwood*

THE ENGLISH TEAM

Rather Too "Casual Water"

LITTLEHAMPTON'S GOLF COURSE FLOODED BY THE BURSTING OF THE ARUN'S BANKS

THE CLUB HOUSE AT LITTLEHAMPTON DURING THE FLOOD

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CLUB HOUSE
With two disconsolate lady golfers in the foreground

"IF THIS WERE ONLY CLEARED AWAY——"
A favourite green which became a reservoir

OH! MOSES! OH! ARUN!
As a result of the Eastertide gales the River Arun burst its banks at Littlehampton on Easter Sunday, and inundated the golf course. The fairway was completely submerged, and only the bunkers reared their heads proudly above the waters

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The Bystander in Paris

In the Bois de Boulogne

André's Return

Let us be lyrical! Spring is with us again (but we had better wait another week before we put our overcoats in pawn), and André has returned to Paris with a flourish of trumpets, and five hundred dozen oysters. He and his friends saw to the trumpeting. The oysters were the gift of a group of fair American admirers who were too coy to give him saltspoons, and did not think that flowers were practical enough. I should have loved to have seen André—— But what is this? Somebody whispers, "Who the blooming flowers in spring *is* André, anyway? Allow me. Monsieur André de Fouquières is it. And to have any doubt of his fitness is to confess oneself no true Parisian.

André's Beginning to Pall

He is a young man who learned how to tie a white tie faultlessly in early youth, whose tailor, shirtmaker and bootist gave him credit freely, and who has made an excellent living out of these gifts (*oui tu l'as dit bouffi!*) for years. In fact he has been leading Paris cotillons so long that, as we are here to tell the truth, I may confess that Paris has become a trifle tired of André and his chic, André and his faultless boots and clothes, André *le gentleman si accompli*, and all the rest of it. In a prosaic London, André de Fouquières would have been dismissed carelessly as a man who dresses all right, but—. Here in Paris he happened to be the first man who dressed so that he was not a joke, and he was bright enough to discover that if he talked about his clothes enough he might find profit in them.

In Search of an Heiress, etc.

Now, Paris being rather tired, André crossed the Atlantic. I fancy that somewhere behind the second of his two small pearl shirt studs André had notions of a wealthy marriage, and a few dozen American millions, but he has returned to us with his bachelorhood unstained. It was not his press agent's fault. How young America resisted the news that André was awakened every morning by eight giant valets in white satin, who served him his morning chocolate in silver and old Sèvres china, I don't know, but though the maidens of the United States decked him with La France roses, and showered oysters on him when he sailed for Europe, he has not brought the most important of the United States back with him. I met André de Fouquières first at a first night at a Paris theatre some years ago. I found him quite an ordinary person, and remarkably uninteresting.

Merely a Symbol

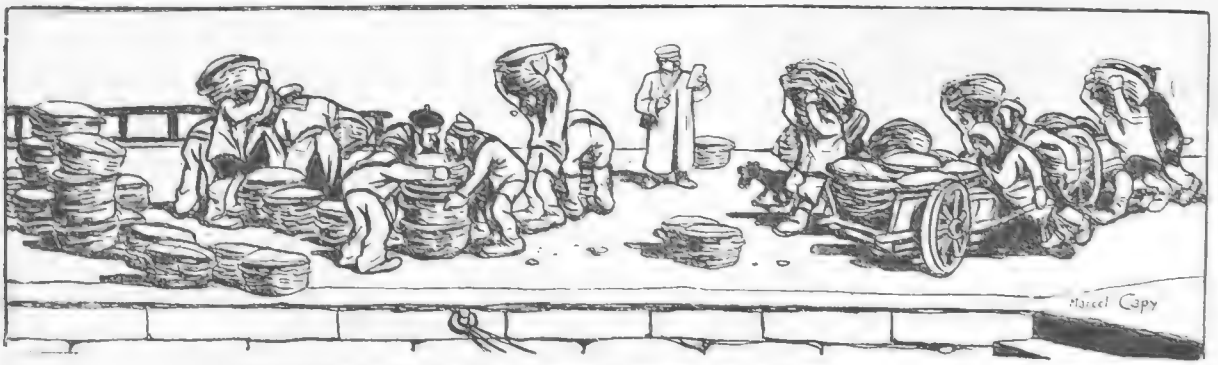
But as a symbol, he is full of interest, for he is the type of the social success of the beginning of the twentieth century. And now that the young century is cutting its wisdom teeth, it has grown much harder to please. I wonder whether you have noticed it? The social lions of to-day can no longer depend entirely on their press agents. They need a little more than bluff. They have to have the goods to sell if they want to be real successes.

Acacia Avenue

Of course you know Acacia Avenue? L'avenue des Acacia in the Bois de Boulogne used to be the one afternoon prowl in Paris when I was a youngster. Ever since Napoleon III. and his Court made it the fashion to drive slowly down that avenue and take the air, all Paris turned out in its best and bravest, and the show of horseflesh, and—and—the world and the devil, was unbeaten in any capital in Europe. Then came the motor car, and petrol chased fashion away. There was no sense in dressing up in dainty coloured silks for a drive in a motor car which refused to run slowly. There was less sense in spending large sums on good horses and expensive carriages, for rude petrol driven cars to frighten or to scratch.

A Ban on Motors

So gradually the call of the glad eye from a satin-lined Victoria disappeared from Acacia Avenue, and it might have become a road out to the country, a mere prose avenue in the Bois again, if M. Lépine had not remembered that his own heart had quickened and his sallow face brightened in the Avenue des Acacias of his youth, that many pretty women had a



"André has returned to Paris with a flourish of trumpets, and five hundred dozen oysters"

horse or two still, and that carriages had not entirely been driven out of fashion. So, he decreed last week that for two hours every afternoon no motor cars should be allowed in the Avenue des Acacias, and now a stream of pretty faces rolls slowly down the Avenue every day from eleven to one, and every day from eleven to one the Paris nuts hang in their clusters waiting to be plucked.

Bernstein's New Play

Of course you have noticed how very few writers produce plays which are really new? The plots and the working out of the new plays all differ, it is true, but it is very rare that a play comes along which hits you between wind and water as something entirely different to anything which has been done before. And this is the thing which distinguishes the work of Henry Bernstein. His last play, *The Secret*, has provided talk for all the Paris dinner tables for many a long week to come. For he has done a daring thing. He has placed a naked woman on the stage. *Mais non!* I know what you are thinking. You are wrong. Bernstein's living picture is of the woman's heart and soul. Her body remains clothed. His indecency is the indecency of genius, and it is painfully, wonderfully and pitifully realistic.

A Great Work

He has shown us every heart-throb of a bad woman, a woman who loves and whose love makes her wickedly jealous. The love and jealousy together make her meanly and shamefully cruel. She nearly wrecks the lives of those whom she loves best in the whole world, and in a third act which throbs on your heartstrings with every unspoken and every spoken line, that woman makes confession of her inmost self. It is a wondrous piece of work. It is a magnificent play. I am not sure that it is not a masterpiece. JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

A NEW WAY TO GET OLD VOTES

The Irresistible Orator

THERE is a way to make "Votes for Women prevail," which is more inflammatory than incendiarism. The Berlin Bystander got the notion from a Socialist Congress at Wansee. An astonishingly pretty woman there stood up and made an astonishingly pretty speech. She was gowned with proper S.-D. plainness, but wore a small coquettish hat with sharp colour scheme made in inimitable Paris. Her whole person breathed joy. She had a soft voice and hair, brown eyes and gloves, pearly teeth and necklace, well-laced boots and waist, and vowing he had never seen such an irresistible orator, the Berlin Bystander sat still.

Surrender

The Berlin Bystander is no Socialist. He abjures Herr Marx's heresies because they menace his bloated poverty, because red neckties offend bulls; because a Rixdorf Socialist once stole a tortoise. At former S.-D. meetings he has usually fidgetted and sniffed. This time he listened intently. It was the Socialist oratress. The Berlin Bystander suddenly realised that it is only fair to hear the other side. In fifteen minutes the Berlin Bystander surrendered.

Smiles and Wiles

He says this without shame. Sterner men than he surrender at British elections to smiles and wiles. The Berlin Bystander began to see that after all. . . . It is not so absolutely certain . . . . The miseries of the working cl. . . Even champions of property must admit. . . . And obtrusive, unconquerable dubitations flew through the Berlin Bystander's head. He recalled with pain that he had just begun for the *Spectator* an article starting: "The preposterous fallacies and elephantine nescience of the charlatan Karl Ma. . . ." An hour before, this unfinished article had seemed to him the pinnacle of wisdom. But now under the thaumaturgic influence of the soft voice and hair, brown eyes and gloves, pearly teeth and necklace, well-laced boots and waist, he modestly began to see that his reasoning . . . In short the Berlin Bystander surrendered.

Hearts versus Houses

And now, he asks himself, why should not England's Suffragists achieve victory in this unfailing way? Why should they not, armed with well-chosen voices and hair, eyes, gloves, teeth, necklaces, boots and waists, start a war of allurement and propitiation? There are enough pretty Suffragettes. There are unemployed musical comedy girls panting to enlist. Suppose that instead of threats they used blandishments; suppose they threw kisses instead of stones; made matches instead of laid them; set hearts in place of houses aflame, and instead of putting powder in statesmen's suburban villas, puffed it on their own star-y-pointing noses.

"Votes for Women"

Suppose they embarked on a campaign to trap, overwhelm, and destroy with fascination the chieftains of the Anti-Suffrage cause, and having taken them captive, delivered them to ignominy, or spared them on condition that they stood in Hyde Park, dressed as old maids, and bawled "Votes for Women!" the Berlin Bystander says they would win. Low as he prizes the Cabinet, he knows that no Minister is so poor in manhood as to say "Get thee behind me, Satan" to a woman as brown-eyed as his Socialist friend.

How to Kidnap

For years Suffragists have threatened to kidnap Ministers. Kidnap them only with thine eyes, says the Berlin Bystander. Let the Empire's fairest Suffragists line the streets and smile. Let them transfigure drab Whitehall. Five thousand fairest smilers, fairest oglers by day; five thousand fairer still to relieve them by night. And as each successive lawmaker, vowing he would never suffer the Suffrage, suffered himself to be led away by gentle hands, the war-cry—now a peace-cry—"Votes for Women!" would rise triumphantly into the benignant empyrean.

Beauty—By Parcel-Post—To Fame

Photograph *Florence Vandamm*

MISS PRUDENCE O'SHEA

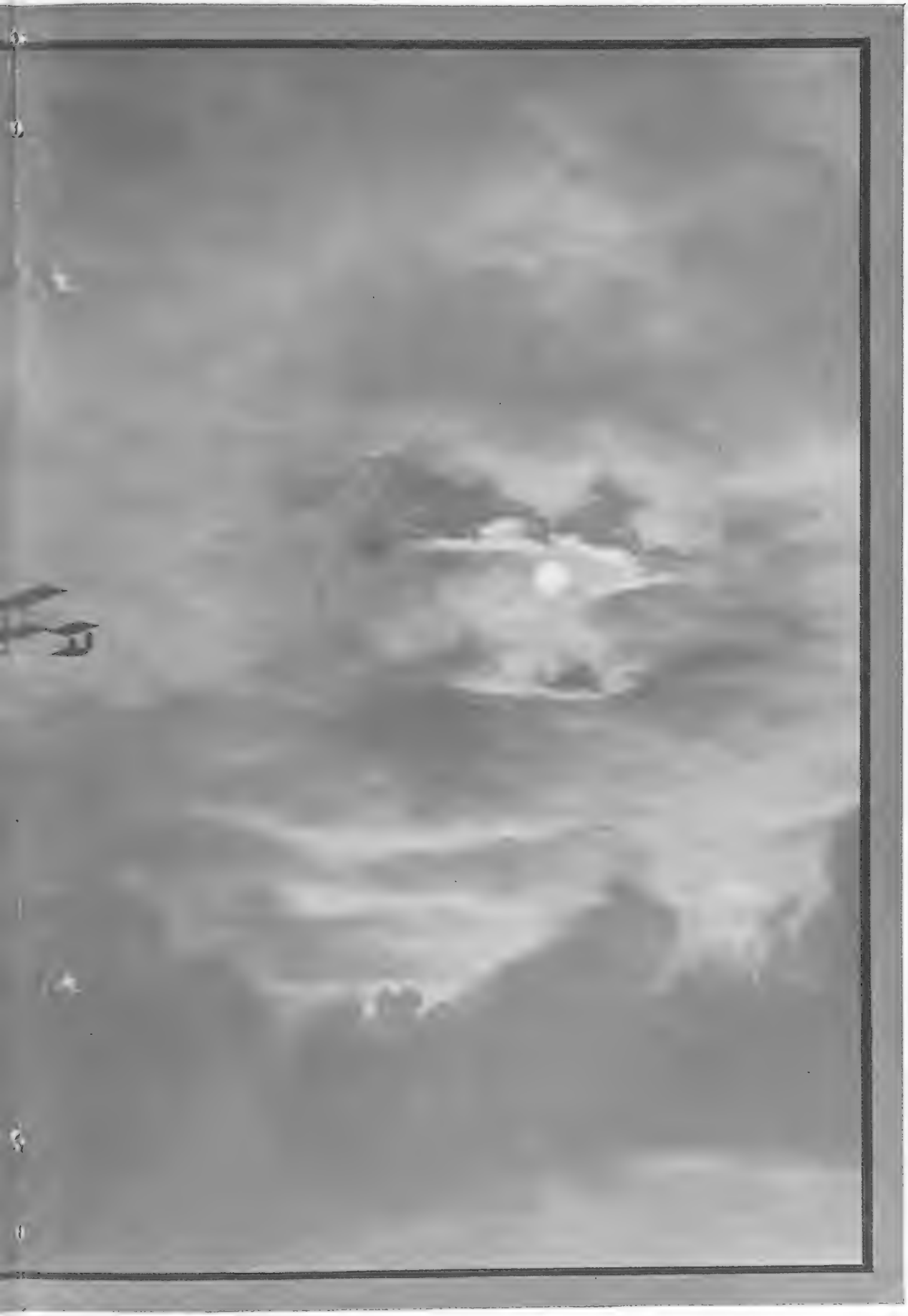
Who came to light, or rather to the footlights, in a somewhat unorthodox manner. A traveller of discernment being struck by her beauty, talent, and ambitions, hit upon the novel plan of sending her by parcel-post to Mr. George Edwardes. Having affixed a label to her, he handed her over to a messenger boy, who subsequently escorted her to the Gaiety Theatre. She has now a part in the new musical play, in which "The Bystander," of course, wishes her every success

THE CONQUEST

A STRIKING AEROPLANE AND CLOUD STUDY TAKEN BY OUR PHOTOGRAPHER

Sceptical readers of "The Bystander" are gently but forcibly requested to note that the photo is reproduced

OF CLOUD-LAND



R ON THE OCCASION OF THE EASTER MONDAY AVIATION MEETING AT HENDON
uced from a genuine negative, and is not what is politely termed a composite—and vulgarly a "faked"—picture

Traversed by the Saviour

THE ALLEGED SCENE OF THE FIFTH STATION OF THE CROSS

Photograph *American Colony Jerusalem*

Every Easter a large number of pilgrims to Jerusalem follow the via Dolorosa, beginning with the first station of the Cross at the traditional spot where Christ was condemned to death, and ending with the fourteenth in the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. The above photograph shows the scene of the fifth station where Simon the Cyrenean assisted in the bearing of the Cross

"MARY TAKE CARE OF YOUR HANDS"

The Bystander Short Story.

BY ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

"REMEMBER your hands, Mary — always remember your hands." Then she turned away, gave a little heart-broken sigh, and died, her face towards the faded pink roses on the wall paper.

I sat perfectly still—staring, because I had never been alone with death before. What was I supposed to do, and why didn't her hair change? Something always happened to people when they died. They shrivelled up like a dry leaf, and took the first strong wind that blew towards eternity. But mother did nothing. Down the coverlet that surged across her back like a badly washed snow-drift trailed a tiny line of orange pips, because she had been eating oranges just before she died. At the foot of the bed lay some magazines with yellow and red covers—she'd been reading. The coppery notes of a barrel-organ danced up and down the street, and the orange pips slipped down the little ravine of coverlet as though longing to dance in unison. Hot sunshine on the floor and one fly buzzing in an exalted ecstatic key somewhere near the ceiling. Nothing else, but the dead woman, who studied the wall-paper with furious intensity, and wore a tiny strap of yellow orange pips across one shoulder. Had she taken a train?—bridged the river at one bound?—or was she asking God at that very minute to subscribe to her inexpensive funeral? And she hadn't commended me to Providence before she went—only said:

"Mary, always remember your hands."

There was an indecent hastiness about everything connected with her funeral. Two aunts rushed in as though for days they had been waiting round the corner all ready dressed and tearful for the event. Someone rippled down the blinds like rivers of striped cotton, turning the flat a sick, jaundiced yellow. A few flowers like stiff white wine-glasses on wire stems snowed their way into mother's room and posed around her face with formal unwillingness. And I took care of my hands. There wasn't anything else to do. The world held nothing but mother's coffin, cold cream, and orange sticks. It was then that the aunts organised a systematic hunting-party with me for the game. They hounded me from my washstand on to the cushioned thicket of the sitting-room divan. From the white tiled peaks of the bathroom's safety they drove me forth, and then one afternoon they found me sitting by mother's side with a nail file. There they left me—saying I was mad. . . . I wanted mother to see her own funeral, because she would have laughed. She only had three treasures in all the world. Hands—eyes—and a sense of humour. The last would have come to her then and grown plump with nourishment. It didn't rain that day—it blazed till the black horses seemed to have broken fragments of rainbow grafted into their skins, and the sun striking living topaz from every particle of brass and jet. There was only one carriage, and the thing in front that had once been mother glinted hard and metallic in the sunshine.

On either side of me the aunts rustled in their crape. The black grapes in my hat tinkled every time I moved, till I could stand it no longer. Very slowly I dragged off my hot gloves and began massaging my finger-tips. Aunt Joan gave a shrill cough that soared through the dusty heat like a bird.

"Mary, you mustn't—you really mustn't. However can you give attention to your hands when——"

"She told me to," I interrupted, "told me to take care of my hands, and I'm not going to waste any time about it."

"Hands, indeed!" said Aunt Emily, "a lot of good they'll be to you now. You've got to work, child. Take a position somewhere, and work with those pink-and-white hands you're so tremendously proud of."

"I won't work," I said calmly, "never. It's prettier and easier to starve, and it doesn't ruin one's finger-nails."

"But you've got nothing," they shrilled in unison, "absolutely nothing!"

"Except my hands."

And it was then the cemetery flashed through the sun like the upset toys of a baby angel.

So they hid her away in the clay-streaked soil that reminded me irresistibly of grease paint, while the clergyman flapped the white wings of his surplice, struggling between hay fever and the pathos of the Burial Service. After that we came back to the flat, where the aunts fought like two old crows over the glittering remains of mother's jewellery.

Suddenly I remembered there weren't any emery boards in the flat. I went out to buy them.

. . . . . .

"What happened after that?" he said; "tell me!"

He had taken the ivory-tipped brush from his mouth to speak, and now put it back again.

"Happened?" I repeated, "nothing happened. That was the awful part. A woman can always face one tragic incident after the other with a certain amount of bravery, but it's the sitting back in a chair and allowing time to scamper past like a small brown mouse that wears her out in the end. You see, I wasn't quite sure if mother had gone to Heaven or not, so there wasn't any sense in believing everything was for the best."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"And so?"—he left the end of the sentence open for me as though it were a little door.

"I just lived for my hands. So many beautiful women in pictures had such appalling ones—hands that even a clever painter couldn't do anything with—that I decided to rent mine."

"Oh!" he said, and went on painting.

The big studio was very quiet—even to colouring. Here and there a bit of brass winked with a golden eye or a fold of embroidery sang a song in a deep booming scarlet key, but everything else was dim and well-behaved—conscious of its artistic value—pleased in its quiet, well-mannered way to be there. A fire licked red and coppery lips in the grate, and the scent of fresh flowers and incredibly old incense went over and under everything like a ribbon. And I was there for my hands. Half unconsciously I looked down at them as they lay on the satin lap of my gown, curved around a rope of pearls.

And my hands had been painted on to how many women? I began to count—then stopped. What was it artists and critics said about them?—called them at views and private exhibitions?—hands that thought: hands that expressed moods. And beautiful women had almost everything—except hands. They'd come into studios where I sat and stare curiously at their unfinished portraits, then turn quickly and stare at my hands. It was a good thing to have a speciality—it made one a necessity. I heard the brushes rattle against his palette.

"Better rest," he said vaguely. "The right hand looks strained."

"I know," I said. "It's been thinking, and that's not professional etiquette. I shall punish it when we get home. Forfeit its cold cream at tea-time and thrash it with a rose petal. I can't tolerate insubordinate hands. It's bad enough for a woman to have a heart with that tendency—she doesn't expect it to spread through her entire system."

He laughed, lighting a cigarette with an infinite amount of detail. And as I looked at him something flashed across my heart like a rocket. I cared—cared for this big, firm-lipped man with blue mutiny instead of eyes and the hair blowing fine gold across his forehead. And it was quite the correct thing for a model to fall in love with the artist. It always happened in short stories and one-act plays. But it wouldn't matter to him whether I cared or not. I was only there for one purpose. My hands. I could nibble my heart out during the luncheon hour, but its departure would never be noticed. Men who paid women very seldom loved them. Commercial arrangements were bad for the heart. From the corner of my eye I saw his cigarette come into the grate, striking infinitesimal red stars as it fell. Little fool, wasn't I? Little fool to care, or even think of caring!

"Would you care to dine here one night?" he asked abruptly; "working late I often do."

My hands clapped very, very softly, because they couldn't help it. Care—well, anyway he had used the word.

"Of course—the food at home always frightens me because it's so terribly familiar."

"Home?" he repeated, "where's home?"

"Anywhere a woman keeps her best brushes and a powder-puff. Home to me is a small room fenced round with orange sticks and a castle of cold cream built beside a river of Florida Water. Home is the place I look after my hands."

He came across the studio, and stood looking down—not at me, but them.

"Are you rested?"

I took up the pearl rope, twining it in and out between my fingers. He didn't care for me—the real woman capable of loving—but my hands.

Mother seemed to ride by on a somersaulting star.

"Mary," she called over her shoulder, "always take care of your hands!"

. . . . . .

He held his champagne-glass up towards the flicker of the candle light where it shone like a golden flower.

"I don't want anyone else to paint your hands," he said.

My eyelids fluttered a little at the glowing room, the candle flames, the wine in his glass, and lastly at the man himself. Then he must want me—my hands. Woman-like, I toyed for a moment with the sensation before taking it to my heart and branding it as my very own. The big compelling man across the table had said it. Nobody else must paint my hands. How nice—how warm—how comfortable. Of course, he'd make love to me now—artists always did after saying those sort of things to models.

"Everybody mustn't paint your hands, or they'll lose their value. I want to be their specialist."

Something in me reeled and staggered, then went crookedly wandering up and down my brain. He loved me—commercially. My hands didn't represent the white twining flowers a-blossom on a loving woman, but things that would bring him money.

I shoved my chair back from the table with one long, unsteady movement.

"Oh, that's it. I'm to keep them expressly for you."

"Yes," he drawled, narrowing his eyes till they became two narrow slips of intense blue. "That's it."

For no reason at all my head nodded.

Then the thing that had been keeping all my words slaves in some secret prison gave way. They rushed at him, drunk with freedom.

"And you think you can buy the monopoly of any woman. Hire the young look at the back of her eyes and send her a monthly cheque for the apple-blossom on her cheek. If my hands hadn't cared for you, do you think we would have come here at all? What's made the success of half your pictures? My hands! You were putting on the paint and rose colour, while they were grafting in the life. And now they must lie idle till you choose to whistle them in at your studio door. Fold themselves listlessly in my lap till you feel disposed to fetter them to the shapeless wrists of some Society beauty."

"Then you only came for the money?" he rapped out.

"Oh, you big, golden-haired liar," I said very softly; "so you can even think that? I came because I cared—cared from the first day I saw you at the Van Eto's exhibition, and now I'm going to go. Funny, isn't it?"

The champagne at my elbow tottered and fell with a little revolutionary crash. The flower-vases linked each other's slender waists with silver hands and danced madly round the table, while the decanters rocked like distant ships far, far out at sea. Everything seemed set in the deep clasp of distance, as though it were a jewel. The round table was the moon of a strange

(Continued on page 32)

The Go-ahead East

WATER CYCLING DISCOVERED BY A NATIVE OF HONG KONG

Photograph *Hicks*

The above photograph is of a Chinaman experimenting in Hong Kong harbour with a water bicycle of his own invention. It serves as evidence of the "go-aheadness" of the young Celestial of to-day

(Continued from page 30)

burning whiteness, and to its edge clung the man like something carved in ebony.

His voice rasped through the purring silence.

"And you won't wait to finish the portrait of——"

"I won't wait for anything," I said, "that's the mistake I've made all the time. I've been waiting—waiting for nothing."

Then I looked down at my hands. They were quivering like delicate carvings—carvings on a tombstone.

. . . . . .

"I didn't understand," he wrote, "didn't believe you could possibly care for me. Just when I was trying to say something last night you surged out of the room like a white summer storm. And all because I was jealous of your hands. Yes, read the word as often as you will—jealous—jealous—jealous! I simply didn't understand, because we big men built on a vast scale are often so appallingly humble. Even now what I want to ask you must of necessity be brutal. Dear Woman of the Shining Hands, will you marry me? Life holds such wonderful secrets that we ought to help each other in finding them. Ask your hands if they will allow you to marry me. If they can stand the heavy pressure of mine on their slenderness, and on their coolness (the coolness of an early white rose, I often think), the warm kisses of my lips. And I know what store you set by those hands. Ah! there you were clever, dear. A woman's beautiful hands are the most exquisite things in all the world. Will you droop them into mine and trust me? I dare not send you roses, for fear one of their thorns might prick a brilliant ruby at one of your finger-tips, and I cannot send you lilies because they are not white enough in comparison. And so I send you my love. Is it a flower?—pluck it, then, for it will do you no harm. Is it a bird?—stretch out your hand and make it prisoner, for it has a song to sing against your breast. Is it a man?—then send for him to lay his lover-lips against your own."

. . . . . .

And what could a woman do but go?

. . . . . .

Life for two years has run on like an exquisite coloured river from the very centre of fairyland. I have him—and I have the other. The other, who lies all lace and peach blossom-pink laughing at the sun she knows but cannot understand. And my hands? Very well, thank you—very well indeed. Perhaps because a baby has been massaging them. Even now, after two years, he says they are like flower petals.

. . . . . .

God never intended me to have a quiet, tranquil life. But he let me think so till a few weeks ago—or was it centuries? Then he flung chaos at me in a surprise packet. I am dictating this to the nurse, who will probably think I'm mad and call in a keeper. There was a fire. That's firm, brave fact, isn't it? I'm not trying to make it dramatically charming, am I? A fire that somehow swept across the nursery like a great flaming wing towards peach blossom-pink and the tiny life in the bassinette that gurgled to see it come. I hastened towards her, flung her at the hysterical nurse, and then——. The fire turned on me. It bit me. There's no other word. It ate the lace around my wrists and twined like a golden snake in and out between my fingers. It was so pretty I was powerless. Mother shrieked from a distant star:

"Mary—remember, take care of your hands," while I looked down at it, murmuring:

"Mother—mother, isn't it fascinating?"

Then he rushed in, and the world dwindled away to the shining head of a black pin. Mother, at the far end, went round and round like a squirrel in a cage, chanting:

"Mary—remember, take care of your hands," while I kept screaming at the top of my voice:

"Queenie was there with her hair in a braid."

Then everything went up in a rocket, on the tail of which hung my baby daughter sucking a sugar-stick. After that—nothing. Just plain black full of little holes that didn't let in any light. But people moved behind the black when I was getting better. Odd words soared past it, and one day a tremendous silver hand stole over my shoulder and crumpled it up into a little ball, then threw it out of the window.

My husband's whisper was like rustling paper.

"And her hands, doctor—her beautiful white hands?"

I *heard* the doctor shake his head. My eyes were wide, and I didn't see anything, but I *heard*.

Then in another world I saw something else—my husband. Racing down stairs two steps at a time and banging the studio door. He had the face of a plaster cast. The whiteness that goes through and through. He began creeping stealthily round the room like an animal—touching things, fingering the open pages of books, adjusting a rose that had fallen from its earthenware vase. At last he came to the pictures—the pictures of women. They all had unfinished hands. Crude line waiting the perfection of detail—waiting for me. His chin sunk against his tie (a black tie with little blue spots), and he ran his whole body forward.

"Hands," he whispered. "Hands! My God! I can never finish them now."

After that someone seemed to turn out the lights, and I only knew that the doctor was very tall and the bed hot with the scorching wonderment of an individual hell. Two days after, when I was what they called "strong enough to stand the shock," they brought me his letter. Mother was writhing in and out between the brass bed pillars at the time, wailing an endless litany of:

"Mary—remember, take care of your hands," but she stopped while I read it——. I didn't mind him shooting himself because big men always consider that the only way out of every difficulty. But I minded the lie:

"Dearest," he wrote, "I've got to play the coward because I cannot live to see you suffer, and love you too deeply to watch the tortured look behind your eyes when they tell you about your hands. Good-bye!"

But it wasn't that. What was it he whispered in the studio?

"Hands!" he had gasped, "My God! I shall never be able to finish them now."

Then I began to laugh. Not in happy ripples, but in shrill harsh notes of derision at life, love, and everything. Nurse came quickly to the bed. Deep in the very heart of my pillow Mother began again:

"Mary—remember, take care——"

"I can't, mother," I screamed, "I haven't got any hands to take care of!"

And she went away, never to come back. . . . The souls of good women are never allowed the luxury of wasting time.

ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

Die Nüsse

NOVELTY DISCOVERED BY MR. LEWIS BAUMER AT MONTE CARLO

The German variety (in two sexes) of the human genus known in England as "The Nut"

How to Treat Them

MORE CORRESPONDENCE ON THE GREAT SUFFRAGETTE QUESTION

(With Apologies to our Various Daily Contemporaries)

SIR,—May I trespass on your valuable space to say a few words on this great question? Mr. Dennis Ruddle of Ilford, E., suggests, I notice, that the Militants should have their heads shaved and be branded on their foreheads with a large "S." I would merely like to ask this gentleman (*sic*) if he ever had a mother, and if so how he would like to have seen her so treated had she been fired with the enthusiasm for a great cause as are the noble women who are showing every day a manliness that is evidently quite foreign to natures such as Mr. Ruddle's.—Yours, etc.,

(Mrs.) JANET FIGGIS

The Rectory, Crowfleet, Sussex.

SIR,—It has apparently never occurred to Mr. M'Kenna that there is one very simple way of circumventing the diabolical ingenuity of the Hunger-striking Hooligans. All that is required is to have a barrel-organ outside each of their cells playing "Hitchy-coo" without cessation until the prisoner promises to take her meals. I defy any women to stand this treatment for even an hour.—Yours, etc., CYRIL DASHWOOD

Hammersmith.

SIR,—I am only a woman who wants a vote so I daresay you will not print my letter. I only want to say that Mr. Cyril Dashwood is an even more wretched specimen of his vaunted sex than usual. If he had not taken refuge in the vague address of "Hammersmith" (where I don't suppose for a moment he really lives) I can assure him that in return for his dastardly suggestion he would have had *six* barrel-organs playing "Alexander's Rag-time Band" outside his house this evening.—Yours, etc., MAUD BRERETON, Member of the Kensington Anti-Man Association.

14, Holland Terrace Studios, W.

SIR,—As a golfer whose game has been interfered with by these Fanatical Females, may I draw their attention to the fact that the word "Golf" if spelled backwards reads "Flog." *Verb sap.*—Yours, etc.,

NIBLICK

SIR,—The unspeakable cad who (with commendable discretion) contents himself with the signature of "Niblick" apparently suggests that women should be flogged for daring to suffer for a cause! And yet presumably a woman once suffered and was proud and happy to suffer for "Niblick!" Oh, the pity of it!—Yours, etc., ETHEL SPROTT, B.Sc., President of the Women's Spoil-Sport League.

The Retreat, The Boltons, S.W.

SIR,—Might I suggest that all women caught in the act of burning tea-houses, smashing windows, etc., should in future be made to wear nose-rings? The police could then be armed with hooked sticks and their capture would be thus an easy matter as well as a source of amusement to the public at large.—Yours, etc., PRACTICAL

SIR,—That "Practical" is a despicable coward is, I think, self evident from his disgraceful letter. It is obvious that he has never had a sister or a sweetheart and it is a little difficult to understand how he has ever got over the indignity of being born of a woman. I will say no more.—Yours, etc.,

The Croft, Wembley. MARY PATTERSON

SIR,—There is one thing women can *not* stand and that is—Beetles, big fat black beetles. A few of these introduced into their cells at night would soon put a stop to all this Hunger-striking nonsense.—Yours, etc., A WAY OUT

[This correspondence really *must* cease—ED.]

A SCENE FROM "THE BORSTAL BOY"

The amusing sketch by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe now running at the Coliseum. The scene is the kitchen of Mrs. Mineral, who has to do not only her own share in keeping up her establishment but that of her work-shy husband's as well. This state of affairs continues until the arrival of the latter's brother-in-law, who, having gone through the superior Borstal training, soon forcibly convinces Mr. Mineral (as per photograph) that he must take on his responsibilities as a husband without delay

The Toothless Lion

A Fable of Diplomacy

By Saki

Illustrated by "Pat"

There was a certain Lion, addicted to soft living, that prayed to Jupiter to be delivered from the pain and inconvenience of cutting teeth in the days of its youth. "Let me not sacrifice so much of the prime of my youth in an irksome and painful process," it pleaded; "let me rather be without teeth." So Jupiter heard its petition and allowed it, instead of having fangs of universal service as the other beasts had, to fashion make-shift substitutes, to give it a moderately fierce appearance and bite and tear such small game as came in its way

And it befell that the Lion's Friends, the Steppe-Eagle and the Fighting Cock, were ranged in interested alliance against the menaces of the Danube Eagle and the Wild Boar of the Elbe, and all the Forest looked on in fear of an outbreak

Now the Lion was minded to help his friends.

"Shall I roar?" he asked at the critical moment, "shall I roar and lash my tail?"

"If you like," said the Steppe-Eagle, "but remember that everyone knows you are without teeth."

SPORTS and PASTIMES

SAILING

The Thames Season Opens

THE racing season for small yachts and canoes on the upper Thames commenced, as usual, at Easter. On the Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday the four upper Thames Clubs' joint Easter meeting was held in Teddington Reach, and on the Saturday and Monday the Royal Canoe Club also held its opening regatta on the same waters, so that freshwater sailormen were very busy indeed, and the Thames between Kingston Bridge and Teddington Lock was alive with a regular fleet of up-river fliers of all sizes from the (comparatively) big A class sailing boats with three hands aboard down to the diminutive, but very speedy, one-man canoes of the B class. Good sailing weather was enjoyed all through with sufficient weight in the wind at most times to put a premium (as the accompanying illustration shows) on smart handling and sitting-up. In the races for the A class yachts the prizes were fairly evenly distributed, Mr. W. Jackson's *Caprice*, Mr. W. H. Wheeler's *Carina*, and Mr. G. R. Preston's *Atalanta* all doing well. In the B class the quaintly named *We're Here* (Messrs. Corbett and Clabburn) and Mr. C. P. Gosnell's *Sylvia* were always prominent.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MAKING HIM SIT UP

Mr. Mair's sailing canoe "Pampatha" heeling over to a hard puff during an R.C.C. race in Teddington Reach at Easter

LAWN TENNIS

A Riviera Review

With the finish of the old-established meeting held at the Beau Site Hotel at Cannes the Riviera tournament season has come to an end. Those who have been right through it must have had tennis enough and to spare, for in place of the four or five meetings of earlier days there are now some eight or nine, commencing with the first days of February and following each other without intermission right down to the end of March. The champion, A. F. Wilding, competed at a couple of meetings, and (as usual) proved himself invincible, but when he was out of the way the chief honours usually fell to the Continental contingent, among whom Germany was strongly represented by three of her best players, F. W. Rahe and the brothers Heinrich and Robert Kleinschroth. Next after Wilding, Max Decugis, the French crack, proved himself about the best Singles player, though there was not much in it between him and Rahe, by whom he was once beaten. In Doubles Rahe and Heinrich Kleinschroth may fairly claim the title of champion pair, and in Ladies' Singles Frl. von Krohn added to Germany's laurels. In Mixed Doubles the Austrian Count Salm and the American Miss E. Ryan scored the largest number of firsts, and were certainly a formidable combination. A number of celebrities in other spheres of life, as is shown by the accompanying snapshot, helped to make things hum by their presence on or around the courts. H. S. S.

Photograph *Underwood*

DISTINGUISHED DEVOTEES OF THE RACKET ON THE RIVIERA

Left to right—The Grand Duke Boris, Miss Maxine Elliott, Comte Pastre and Lady Keppel

GOLF

A Baseless Rumour

Considerable alarm has been caused by a statement in the "Golf Monthly" for March concerning the present state of the old course at St. Andrews and the possibility of its being in proper order in time for the Amateur Championship which will be played there at the end of May. I am glad to

ELLIMAN'S

EMBROCATION

CRAMP IN BIRDS

Chickens, including the young of fowls, turkeys, ducks, guinea-fowls and game birds, are subject to cramp, which causes the loss of a number every year, as they are left to perish by their mothers when unable to follow, or when, having strayed from the coop, they cannot return. Wet or frosted grass is the most frequent cause of cramp, and it follows that very early and very late hatched birds are the victims.

Treatment.—The victim of cramp should be taken indoors and gently rubbed with the Elliman's over the limbs and feet.

Prevention.—Do not let chickens out until the dew is off the grass, or the sun is high enough to keep up their temperature. Further information will be found in the Elliman E.F.A. Booklet, which is enclosed with bottles of Elliman's Royal Embrocation for use upon Animals, price 1/-, 2/- & 3/6.

THE SKIN OF THE DOG

is very sensitive: also it is very absorbent, hence in that animal a larger surface than is necessary should not be treated, nor a large quantity of the Elliman's used at one time, about the body in particular. When rubbing is indicated, it should be done gently. Further information may be found in the Elliman E.F.A. Booklet, which is enclosed with bottles of Elliman's Royal Embrocation, for Use upon Animals, price 1/-, 2/- & 3/6.

A SECTION OF the complete edition of the Elliman E.F.A. Book (Animals' treatment) is available. That section consists of 56 pages, illustrated, and it would be sent free upon receipt of address. ***The complete book, 204 pages,*** illustrated, is issued upon terms given upon page one of the aforesaid booklet found with bottles of Elliman's.

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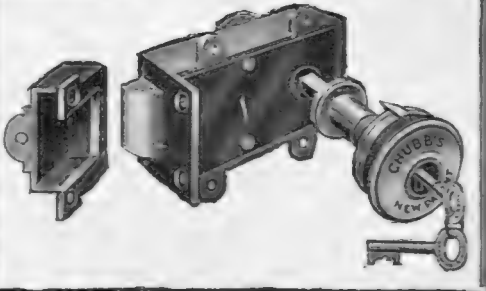

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES (continued)

be able to re-assure those of my readers who may have read this statement. I am able to say, on the very highest and best authority, that the course is in excellent condition and that there is every promise of its being found at its very best when the great amateur tournament comes to be played. No pains have been or will be spared to ensure this result. The course is to be closed for the whole of this month so that the finishing touches may be put wherever they may be found necessary, and nature given a free hand to do her usual recuperative work safe from the onslaughts of the irons of the crowds of players who love to disport themselves on the course. The course has, to be sure, gone through the most cruel trial that any course could be subjected to. The parching summer of 1911 was followed by an extremely droughty spring last year and the state of the course at the May meeting of 1912 was undoubtedly bad. The Green Committee took matters drastically in hand and aided by a wet summer and autumn, followed by an open and mild winter, they have worked wonders. The greens at the present moment are in fine order with a splendid growth of grass on them, while the energetic work carried out on the parts of the course which had suffered most is having its due effect.

All's Well

Given a favourable spring there need be no fear about the condition of affairs at the end of May. We may

LORD CLIFTON

Who, with Mr. A. Gray, K.C., competed in the Sidgwick Cup foursomes at St. George's, Sandwich. They were beaten in the fourth round by Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., and Mr. A. V. Hambro

therefore dismiss any alarm caused by the "Golf Monthly," and feel entirely confident that we shall find the old course worthy of its ancient reputation as an unrivalled arena for the greatest amateur event of the year. I am somewhat surprised that the writer of this alarming paragraph did not take the precaution of verifying the rumours which had reached him before publishing them. A line of enquiry to the officials at St. Andrews would have saved him from causing alarm among the competitors and considerable annoyance to the hard-working members of the St. Andrews Green Committee.

"Nisbet" for 1913

That welcome harbinger of the golfer's spring "Nisbet's Golf Year Book," has just made its annual bow to the public. This guide, philosopher, and friend has now become an institution, and its form is fairly fixed. There are one or two features calling for special comment. The name of Mr. J. L. Low disappears from the editorship and is replaced by that of Mr. Vyvyan G. Harmsworth. There is a most interesting list of "The Best Courses" in the opinion of the amateurs and professionals. The amateur list of 1911 is also given, so that we can see how the courses have varied in position in the two years. We find, for instance, that Westward Ho! which came seventh in 1911, according to the amateurs, now springs up to second place. The explanation, of course, is simple. The promotion has been caused by the fact that the amateur championship was played last year at Westward Ho! and that the course was in unanimous favour among the competitors and critics. Again, St. George's, Sandwich, as the result of the changes made for the Open Championship of 1911, now takes precedence of Prestwick. The Amateurs still give the premier position to the old course at St. Andrews. The professionals place Deal first, St. George second, and St. Andrews third—while they put Westward Ho! only seventh, below Sunningdale. This merely means that no Open Championship has yet been played on the Devonshire course. "Nisbet" for 1913 is packed full of information and is absolutely indispensable as a book of reference for the golfer. ERNEST LEHMANN.

LORD CHARLES HOPE

Who, with Mr. H. W. Forster, M.P., won the Sidgwick Cup at Sandwich; he also won the Spring Medal after a tie with the Hon. M. Scott

THE HON. M. SCOTT

Who tied with Lord Charles Hope for the Royal St. George's Spring Medal at Sandwich with a score of eighty-one, and was beaten by him in the play-off

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BOOK OF THE WEEK

"STUDIES IN LOVE AND IN TERROR"

BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

Melodrama—

A few weeks ago there appeared in THE BYSTANDER a page of lurid drawings taken from the covers of popular shilling novels. You saw unpleasant-looking villains attacking beautiful heroines in wonderfully becoming gowns, you saw horrible crimes being committed, and you must have wondered at the small difference there was between these shilling shockers (or was the shock only on the outside?) and the dear old Penny Dreadfuls, about which we used to hear so much long ago. From a glance at some of the most successful books of this kind it would seem that you have only to give the great public real melodrama with plenty of blood and as much thunder as can be conveniently housed to meet with success. All superior people, of course, sniff at such melodramas, but I have an idea that most of them would be quite willing to write this kind of thing—if they could.

Photograph *Hoppé*

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

The authoress of "Studies in Love and in Terror" (Methuen: 6s.), a volume of five melodramatic stories, which is reviewed on this page

—And Literature

But while no one attempts to describe such stuff as literature, there is not the smallest reason why literature should give a wide berth to thrills and horrors and blood and crime. In point of fact, it does not. In point of actual fact most of the world's great literature is melodramatic. What most of us have come to call melodrama is generally a poor imitation of some great man's work—the aspect of lifeless people doing lurid things, with, of course, that very necessary and very boring "comic relief."

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

Now, at the present day there are many good writers whose books as a rule touch melodrama. Of late it has become fashionable to add a tincture of psychology to the thing, but the melodrama is there. Such books will succeed in their purpose if they are able to convey a sensation of horror or fright, or whatever it may be, to the reader. There are rules for the writing of such books as there are rules for doing everything else. And there is one writer of such stories who seems to me to have achieved very big things. I refer to Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. She writes "thrillers"—I cannot think that she will have me up for libel for saying so—and she is what I may call a "blood-and-thunder" authoress; at the same time she is a great artist. As a result she has a large public, made up of people who want to read about real people as opposed to the usual puppets of melodrama.

Her New Book

Her latest book, *Studies in Love and in Terror* (Methuen: 6s.), is a collection of five intensely exciting, simply told stories, which never allow you more than a few moments' respite from an almost uncomfortable tension. You have not the remotest notion as to what is going to happen to the rather ordinary people about whom she is writing, and yet you know quite well that they are on the verge of something unprecedented and awful. There is an entire absence of stress on this something, yet it is for ever there hovering over the pages. The first story is about a French provincial mayor with a pretty wife in love with the commander of a submarine flotilla lying outside his town. No woman is allowed on board a French submarine, but the pretty wife accompanies the commander, and the boat, once sunk, refuses to rise! That is awful enough, but what is even more awful is the fact that the little mayor, to save his own and his dead wife's honour has to prevent the public from knowing that one body too many has been recovered from the wreck.

The Other Stories

Another tale deals with that little-known period when the railroads were being introduced, and the death of James Mottram will long remain in your memory. In the "Woman from Purgatory" you are told how a good woman was saved from doing that which in a friend's case had once so appalled her. And the last tale, "Why They Married," is concerned with a delightfully original courtship that was accelerated by a horrible experience in mid-channel. I cannot doubt that these five stories will please every one of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's readers.

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REVIEWS IN BRIEF

Life of Mary II.

It is pleasant to find among the ever-increasing number of ornamental and slightly scandalous biographies (suitable, I am told, for boudoir consumption) one of such real value and interest as Miss Mary F. Sandars's *Princess and Queen of England* (Stanley Paul: 16*s.* net). Miss Sandars, by this book, proves her claim to be considered as a serious historian. She has realised the value of that precious "new material" for which all of us are looking, and she has reconstructed a difficult period with out allowing herself the latitude which certain modern writers with a mistaken idea of their duties, but a keen eye on their own royalties, are apt to give themselves.

A Difficult Position

Here, told in admirable language, is the curious story of Mary the Second's life. The poor Princess was nearly always in a difficult position. She had ever to be hiding her feelings to an even greater extent than is generally asked of Royalty. Her husband drove her father from the British throne, and there actually came a time when she feared that the two might meet on the field of battle. She was intensely religious, curiously sentimental in her earlier days—her quaint ill-spelt letters are most amusing—and was always in love with that strange boorish husband of hers who combined so many contradictory qualities. On the whole, I think, Miss Sandars is fair to William, although she does not share Macaulay's enthusiasm. But that is only natural: Miss Sandars is concerned with William's wife, and in spite of the Villiers woman, William was essentially a man's man. But there is no unnecessary bias, and the book is a pleasure to read in its entirety. The illustrations are numerous, and the printing and generally handsome appearance of the book reflect great credit upon the publishers.

Hon. Stephen Coleridge's Memories

Mr. Stephen Coleridge's *Memories* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) are so far from being indiscreet that they have nothing to say of living people. Of the distinguished dead he gives interesting sidelights. Belonging, as he does, to a distinguished family himself, it was to be expected that he had more opportunities than most people of becoming acquainted with the most interesting figures of his generation. And here in this quiet, chatty book are some of his memories, culled from diaries and letters—a pleasant, thoughtful volume. R. S.

Thoughts on Things Read

By VIVIAN CARTER

A Week for the Newspapers

Thanks to the Marconi Inquiry it has been one of the great newspaper-reading weeks—a week in which it has been superfluous to look for "sensation" to literature. There have been, of course, many other such weeks of sore eyes, in which hours of one's time have been spent daily in passing excitedly through column after column of close print, but I wonder how many people could, without thought, name half a dozen of them? The *Titanic* inquiry at Washington was, without doubt, last year's great week; 1910 gave us Crippen. But, speaking personally, the week of weeks that sticks in my recent memory was that in which we had together the Druce case and the Camden Town murder. How much ophthalmia is to be traced to that occasion I don't like to say, and it would be rather a public-spirited act on the part of some newspaper, when the next great news sensation comes on, to give us it verbatim in the type known as "long primer" (that in which THE BYSTANDER is mainly printed). A year or two ago a certain newspaper was concerned enough about our diet: what about our eyesight?

Platonism of the Poet

In *Passing the Love of Women*, the title of his new book of verse, the Rev. E. E. Bradford, D.D., enriches the poetry of friendship by a very generous contribution. Each of the forty or more of the poems deals with the form of love the copyright of which is attributed, more or less accurately, to Plato. Nearly every poet worthy of the name has devoted at least one poem to this among other subjects, but with Dr. Bradford, apparently, there are no other subjects. The tenor of the verses as a whole is to denounce the "love o' women," and from a perfectly honest belief in their inferiority. It seems to me now to be "up to" some feminist poet to reply. If the claim to superiority to Man is justified, one at least of them should surely be equal to the needed counterblast. By way of arousing some preliminary irritation I will quote the first verse of the poem "Woman," page 27:

> "We will not worship woman nor contemn her,
> She's part of Nature's plan.
> Besides, we damn ourselves if we condemn her,
> She is but meaner man."

Surely this should not be left unchallenged?

"Jingle"—Novelist

When I learned that my friend and colleague, "Jingle" (Mr. Arnold Golsworthy), had taken the "subbubs" as the *local* of a new novel, I sighed. He would, I feared, think it a matter of honour to make fun out of Lime Tree Gardens and its denizens; and could even he, on such a subject, give us a fresh kind of fun? I read the book to discover Mr. Golsworthy's intentions towards the suburbs to be strictly honourable. He pokes fun at Lime Tree Gardens, it is true, but only *en passant*, his purpose being to tell a story—as original in idea as it is sincere in execution—about the prettiest of the local maidens. The daughter of a small tradesman, Mary Delland, is raised into the "Society" of the Gardens by the influence of one James Hacker, a journalist, who would be a suitor but for lameness. Once in "Society," however, Mary falls in love with one of the local eligibles, and is for the nonce drawn away from the friend of her early and serious moods. Hacker has to take a back seat, and to watch Mary go through the process of being in love with the "right sort" of

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young man. At least so she thinks him until . . . . But things, after a number of complications, right themselves. Mr. Golsworthy seems to have studied his suburb at first hand, and the humour he gets out of it lies in the characters, the situations themselves, and also in those mischievous little "asides" which are so well known in his journalistic work.

The Admirable Crichton

From Lime Tree Gardens to the Admirable Crichton is a pretty wide leap, but such is the luck of the library. The next volume I picked up this week was a book about him by Mr. Whibley. It is called *Essays in Biography* (Constable and Co.), and ostensibly it is also about a number of other people. But to me it is about the Admirable Crichton, because the essay on him is the only one I have conscientiously read. Try as I might, I couldn't work up interest in Sir Thomas Overbury, George Buchanan, Edward Hall, John Tiptoft, John Stow, and Sir Thomas Browne. I ought to be able to do so, but I can't, so there!

The Art of Being Admirable

But the Admirable Crichton is a person whose name is so constantly on the tip of a journalist's pen that a chance of getting a short refresher of one's knowledge concerning him is not to be let go. That one *has* knowledge of him goes, I suppose, without saying, for without it we should not apply his name so liberally to anybody whom we regard as versatile. But how often do we apply it correctly? The man we call an "Admirable Crichton" should be not only versatile, but gracefully so: also conceitedly. He must be able, at a moment's notice, to win a dispute by word or by the sword, according to circumstances. Far from being modest, he must be his own advertiser. Had Crichton not preceded his arrival in Venice and Mantua by those placards announcing his readiness to out-argue anybody on any subject, he certainly would never have attracted attention. Crichton's culture was quite impartial of any personal tastes and prejudices. He was a disputant out of the sheer love of dispute. Of whom is one to say that to-day?

And Its Futility

It is positively not worth the modern while to be an Admirable Crichton. The world has no use for the species. Directly it suspects, from conversation, that a man's intelligence is merely general, it passes him by. We are too busy for anybody but the specialist. I am perfectly sure, were the Admirable Crichton to come to London to-day, his challenge to debate on anything under the sun would be ignored unless he labelled himself—say—a golfer, a Suffragist, or let out that he had views of his own on aeroplanes, or some other speciality, preferably mechanical. Then he would have an audience.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts and "The Bystander"

"What a wonderful paper THE BYSTANDER is," writes Mr. Eden Phillpotts. "I was amazed at the last number, which kept me (a sick man) quiet and good for an hour." It is indeed pleasant to discover at least one case where the gift of creation is accompanied by sound critical judgment.

V. C.

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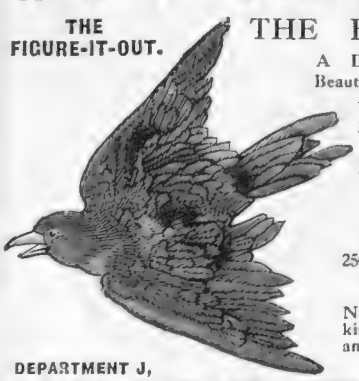

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RACING: The Grand National. BY CARBINE

The Steeplechase Derby

This week's great steeplechase is the Derby of the winter season. No matter what the quality of the competing horses, thousands of folk go to Aintree every year just as religiously as they go to Epsom and Ascot. You get more thrills in the Grand National than in any other race I know. You have a spasm of excitement at each of the thirty-two jumps, or, at least, at as many of them as you can see from the stands. Briefly reviewing the prospects of the race, I shall oppose both Bloodstone and Rathnally on the ground that they have too much weight, irrespective of both of them having been under a cloud recently. I do not know enough about the French horses to cause me to recommend them, and the same applies to the Austrian candidate; but I have a wholesome respect for the American horse, Highbridge, one of the best natural jumpers I have seen in recent years. Carsey I expect to run well, while Ballyhackle has always been a favourite of mine. I know that he was going remarkably well last season up to the time he fell, and he is expected to get round all right this time. Thowl Pin strikes me as being the right sort of horse for this course, and **Melamar** commands respect. Axle Pin cannot surely win after having been interrupted in his preparation for nearly a month, but Covertcoat is very strongly fancied. I anticipate the success of **Ballyhackle**, and look upon HIGHBRIDGE as the next best thing.

Photograph *Rouch*

BALLYHACKLE

Carbine's selection for the Grand National, a horse which is expected to get round all right this time, though he fell in last year's event

Other Selections

Apart from the big steeplechase, there will be a great deal of interesting racing at Liverpool. On Thursday the Spring Cup is the chief event, and I regard it as a really good thing for **Scots Saint.** It is hoped that Craganour will contest and win the Union Jack Stakes, and thus silence the many rumours to the effect that all is not well with the Derby favourite. I really think that **Light Brigade** is something like a certainty for the Knowsley Plate, and his success will place the Knowsley house-party in high spirits, though I fear he will not be at much of a price. I believe **Lady Madcap** will win the Liverpool Hurdle Handicap on Saturday, in spite of her great weight, and **Lord Rivers** may repeat his last season's success in the Champion Steeplechase.

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is guaranteed to fit you perfectly, and being made of non-irritant fabric, is found very comfortable to the skin; its open texture permits of thorough ventilation, thereby evaporating the perspiration first absorbed by the soft elastic "Porosknit" fabric.

There is only one underwear that is "Porosknit." If it hasn't the label shown in the illustration below, it is *not* "Porosknit." Someone is misleading you.

Insist on the LABEL as there are Imitations on the Market.

Begin enjoying "Porosknit" comfort *to-day*. In sizes 34 in. to 42 in. Ask your Hosier or Outfitter.

2/6 per garment, all sizes.

Long & Short Sleeve Shirts. Knee & Ankle Length Drawers.

If any difficulty in obtaining from your Outfitter, write

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Who Supply the Wholesale.

EARLY MOTOR-CAR TYPES.

No. 9.—The Parisian Daimler.

To many motorists of to-day mention of the 1000-Miles' Trial of 1900 conveys nothing. Yet this time thirteen years ago it was the one absorbing topic of conversation in motoring circles. The tour was undertaken with two main ideas: (1) as a reliability trial, and (2) as a capital method of familiarising the general public with the motor-car. A start was made from Hyde Park Corner on Monday, 23rd April, some sixty vehicles of one kind and another taking part, and the tour did not conclude until the 12th May. The route embraced many of the principal towns, such as Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, Leeds, Newcastle, etc., and wherever a stop was made for the night an exhibition of the cars was held on the following day. Of the car illustrated below—a Parisian Daimler—several specimens went through with honour. If the trial showed the reliability of the cars, it demonstrated equally that the pneumatic tyre was far from perfect. But that was thirteen years ago, and much has been learnt since then, as well as forgotten. To-day the user of Dunlop tyres regards a 1000-miles tour with equanimity, for the odds are greatly in favour of such a distance being covered without tyre trouble of any kind.

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The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham; and 14, Regent St., London, S.W. Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll. Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.

A straight talk to Skin Sufferers

Antexema clears your skin of all spots or blemishes.

To be thoroughly and permanently cured you must use Antexema. To try anything else is to waste time and money. You will only be disappointed and exasperated by your failure to get cured, and will at last be forced to come round to Antexema. That really will cure you. This famous remedy is quite different from everything else. Antexema is not a quack nostrum, but the unique discovery of a physician, and every bottle is skilfully made up in our own laboratory from his original prescription. Doctors use Antexema in their own practice, nurses recommend it, and all classes praise it.

For eczema of arms or legs get Antexema.

Antexema always succeeds

Antexema gives immediate relief, however terrible the itching, inflammation, and burning pain. It works like magic, even in the worst cases, and the great point about an Antexema cure is that the trouble does not recur again. The first touch of Antexema stops the progress of your skin illness, and new and healthy spotless skin begins to grow. Antexema may be used with perfect confidence of a complete cure for baby skin troubles, bad hands, bad legs, blackheads, chaps, chilblains, eczema, pimples, rashes, scalp troubles, and every irritated tender or blotchy condition of the skin. Start your cure at once, for delay in skin illness is always dangerous.

Rashes disappear very soon when Antexema is applied.

Antexema stops irritation and starts your cure.

Do your duty to your skin, and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke', Taylor's, and Lewis and Burrows at 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle, or post free in plain wrapper, 1/3 and 2/9 from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also in India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

Sweet Lavender

ONE of the sweetest and oldest of our cultivated garden plants is the lavender. In days long ago every manor, farmhouse, and cottage garden had its lavender hedge or bush, from which in summer-time sweetly perfumed flowers were culled for distilling, or for drying for personal or home use. Except in old gardens, however, one does not come across this favourite plant so often as one would like. It is not difficult to grow. It succeeds best in a dryish soil, such as may often be found at the base of a sunny wall. Where an abundance of flowers is desired the most effective way of cultivating lavender is as an edging to the kitchen garden paths. Small branches pulled off an old plant, and firmly inserted in the soil during the next few weeks, will root and make nice plants in the course of a year or so. Young plants can also be purchased from a nursery and planted now a foot apart.

A PRETTY EXAMPLE OF INFORMAL GARDENING IN A DEVONSHIRE GARDEN

Beautiful Annuals

Those who want to furnish a bed with summer-flowering plants of novel and artistic colouring should procure and sow at once seeds of the very beautiful South African Nemesias. There are tall and dwarf strains, the former growing about a foot, and the latter six inches high. The colours of the flowers are of varying, pleasing and artistic shades of carmine, pale yellow, rose-pink, white, orange, crimson, and scarlet, and the effect of these, when grown in a mass in a bed, is, indeed, most charming. Sow the seeds in a temperature of 45 to 55 deg. at once, transplant the seedlings early two inches apart in boxes, harden off in a cold frame, and plant out six inches apart late in May. The best strain to grow is that known as Sutton's hybrid.

Informal Gardening

The accompanying picture shows a pretty corner in a Devonshire garden. The scene is a floral medley of lavender, tree lupins, larkspurs, roses, sweet Williams, and other old-fashioned plants growing and flowering in happy confusion. This style of gardening in appropriate positions forms a striking, yet pleasing, contrast to the more formal style, which must of necessity prevail in the immediate neighbourhood of the home.

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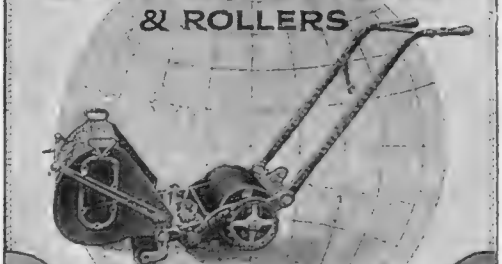
BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

GREENS
LAWN MOWERS
& ROLLERS



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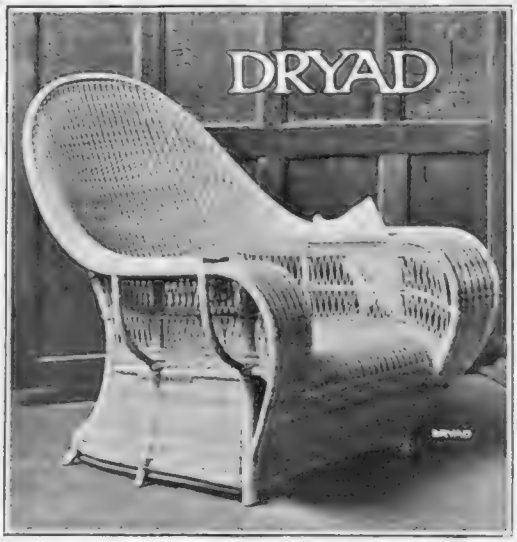

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B 315

Self-Starting Cars

The invention of a reliable and practical means of self-starting for petrol motor cars has been a very difficult problem, and the solution was not found until electricity was employed. ❁ Something which actually takes the place of cranking by hand is the only method of self-starting which is thoroughly reliable under all conditions and practical as well. ❁ The White Electrical Starter imitates hand-cranking exactly—but turns the crankshaft over more rapidly and smoothly than would be possible if the cranking was done by hand. ❁ It cannot injure the engine nor affect its normal operation in any way. ❁ A car equipped with the White Electrical Starter cannot be stalled. When the speed of the engine drops to a point where it would ordinarily stall, the starting motor picks it up and continues the crankshaft in motion without any action on the part of the driver. ❁ There are no gears to be engaged—the action of the starter in such a situation is entirely automatic, but absolutely no automatic devices are necessary to make it so. ❁ Electricity for lighting has also done away with uncleanly oil lamps and bothersome gas lamps. White Cars are lighted—just as your home or office is lighted—by the press of a button. ❁ In the White Electrical Starting and Lighting System both functions of starting and lighting are performed by one mechanism — a motor-generator, in which the armature is the only moving part. ❁ This motor-generator operates either as a generator, to produce current for charging the storage battery, or as a motor, driven by current from the storage battery, for starting the car. ❁ If in London, take the Hampstead-Charing Cross Tube, and alight at a station called Mornington Crescent. ❁ By walking fifty yards down Arlington Road you will come to Carlow Street, and once there you cannot miss the White-Coleman factory. It's big—really big—you won't miss it. ❁ If coming by taxi or motor you will run to the north end of Albany Street, right at the corner of Regent's Park, and Carlow Street is not 200 yards distant.

The recognised essential to
OPEN CAR COMFORT

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SHIELD & HOOD EQUIPMENT,

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The Bystander, April 2, 1913

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 487.—Vol. XXXVIII. Wednesday, April 2, 1913 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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LOVELY VIEWS OF MONTREAL PARK.

SEVENOAKS (in one of the best residential parts, within few minutes' walk of the station).—

"MOUNT HARRY," MOUNT HARRY ROAD.

Picturesque detached HOUSE: 4 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms (1 fitted with bath), bathroom, complete offices. Motor garage.

ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS,

well shrubbed and timbered, large tennis lawn, capital fruit and vegetable gardens, vinery, outhouses, in all just

OVER 1½ ACRES.

HAMPTON AND SONS are instructed (in conjunction with Messrs. CRONK) to offer the above by AUCTION, at The Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on Tuesday, April 15, 1913, unless previously disposed of. Solicitors, Messrs. CHARLES RUGGES, SONS, and ABBOTT, 13, Victoria Street, S.W.—Illustrated particulars of Messrs. CRONK, 12, Pall Mall, S.W.; or HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, S.W.

NEAR OXSHOTT WOODS. GOLF. RACING.

ELEVATED AND RURAL POSITION.

SURBITON (1¼ miles of station, 25 minutes express of Town).—

"HAYCROFT," HOOK.

Comfortable House of Tudor design, situated back from road. Long carriage drive with lodge. Lounge hall, 3 handsome reception rooms, ample offices, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 staircases. Stabling, garage, farmery, cottage. Well laid-out pleasure grounds, orchard, and parklands. Also compact small grass farm, with house and homestead, with

800FT. OF VALUABLE BUILDING FRONTAGE,
IN ALL OVER 39 ACRES.

HAMPTON AND SONS (in conjunction with Messrs. NIGHTINGALE, PHILLIPS, and PAGE) will SELL the above by AUCTION, at The Mart, E.C. (in 1 or 3 lots), on Tuesday, April 15, 1913, unless previously disposed of. Solicitors, Messrs. CLAYTON, SONS, and FARGUS, 10, Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C. —Illustrated particulars of Messrs. NIGHTINGALE, PHILLIPS, and PAGE, Kingston-on-Thames; or of the Auctioneers, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PERFECTLY RURAL SITUATION. FINE OPEN VIEWS.

EASY REACH OF RACING AND GOLF COURSES.

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"ASTBURY," EWELL.

Commodious RESIDENCE, approached by carriage drive: halls, 4 handsome reception rooms, 2 staircases, ample offices, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bath; stabling for 4, coach-house, small farmery, cottage.

WELL-TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS.

Tennis and croquet lawns, orchard, useful paddocks, in all

ABOUT 12 ACRES.

Company's water and gas. Main drainage
HAMPTON AND SONS are instructed to offer the above by AUCTION at The Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, April 29, 1913, unless previously disposed of privately.—Solicitors, Messrs. F. C. SUMMERHAYS and SON, 19, Eastcheap, E.C. Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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BURNHAM BEECHES (in the immediate vicinity of).—For SALE, well-built modern RESIDENCE. Carriage drive. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths, conservatory.

FINE BILLIARD ROOM (size 40 ft. by 18 ft.)

2 staircases. Excellent stabling.

BEAUTIFULLY LAID-OUT PLEASURE GROUNDS.

Full-sized tennis and other lawns, well-stocked kitchen garden, glasshouses, paddock, in all about 14½ ACRES.—HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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HORSHAM (½ a mile from station, in a quiet position, close to the town).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a capital RESIDENCE, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, lavatory, etc. Will be put into thorough order for good tenant. Small shady garden.—HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

RURAL SURROUNDINGS. HUNTING, FISHING, GOLF.

CHILTERN HILLS (in delightful position, 430ft. above sea, immune from noise and motor dust).—For SALE, a compact little FREEHOLD PROPERTY. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms (more can easily be added), bathroom, 2 staircases, complete offices. Stabling for 2, double coach-house. Pretty pleasure gardens, tennis and other lawns, miniature rose garden, glasshouses, etc.

COMPANY'S GAS AND WATER. GRAVEL SOIL. MAIN DRAINAGE.

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MANOR HOUSE IN DOWN COUNTRY.

HANTS (on the Downs, near Bishop's Waltham, 2 miles from Winchester, and about a mile from station, golf and telegraph).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a real old-fashioned RESIDENCE and 6½ acres old-world grounds with fine trees; hall and 3 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, usual offices, and 3 stalls; useful outbuildings, garage, and cottages; tennis lawns, walled kitchen garden and paddock; pretty country; chalk soil; inexpensive upkeep.—HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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TO BE SOLD, an AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE of nearly 1,000 ACRES, with a moderate-sized Mansion, beautifully situated about 300ft. above sea level on gravel soil. The accommodation comprises: 4 reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling and outbuilding; there is good salmon, trout, and grayling fishing in the Wye, and the plantations and woods are well placed for game; the Estate is divided into 6 farms, all let to good tenants, and will be sold at a price showing a return of NEARLY 4 PER CENT., EXCLUSIVE OF MANSION, GROUNDS AND SPORTING.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (6,691)

IN A BRACING AND HEALTHY LOCALITY.
AMIDST LOVELY HILLY SURROUNDINGS.
DORSETSHIRE (2¾ miles from a station, and only about 21 miles from Bournemouth). TO BE SOLD.

THIS PLEASANTLY SITUATED MODERN RESIDENCE, standing in a pretty park of about 6 acres, in one of the most charming parts of the county. It is on a gentle slope, very dry, and well sheltered from the cold north and east winds. The approach is by a carriage drive, and the House contains: entrance hall, drawing room, dining room, morning room, sitting room, den, kitchen, and excellent offices; in the Annexe: laundry, 2 rooms, engine and gas house; 9 bedrooms, bathroom, boxroom, etc.; there is a plentiful supply of good water, and the sanitation is of the most approved kind; there is stabling, cowhouse, and extensive outbuildings; good gardens, large lawn, and parkland, about 5 acres in extent; hunting, golf.—For further particulars and orders to view, apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (6,832)

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THIS DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED XVIIth CENTURY RESIDENCE, situated about 1 mile from a railway station, with a South-East aspect, on gravel soil. It contains: entrance hall, inner hall, fine billiard room, drawing room, dining room, smoking room, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; sanitary appliances on modern principles; good stabling, coach-house, and men's rooms; the grounds extend to about 5 acres, including pretty and well-shaded flower and kitchen gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, glasshouses, and paddock.—For further particulars, apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (F 14)

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TO BE LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.
HANTS (close to a railway station, 6 miles from Southampton).

THIS EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-FITTED RESIDENCE, standing in finely timbered grounds, and approached by a private chestnut tree avenue. It contains: drawing room, dining room, smoking room, conservatory, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom.

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ON THE SUSSEX COAST, NEAR GOODWOOD.
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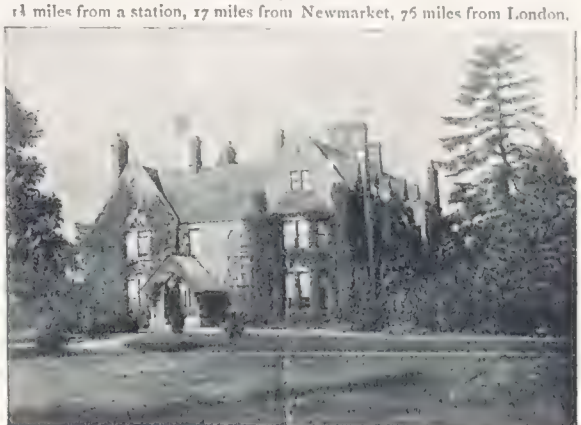
THIS SUBSTANTIALLY-BUILT, PARTLY CREEPER-CLAD RESIDENCE, approached through finely timbered grounds. It contains: drawing room, dining room, morning room, study, boudoir, conservatory, library, 16 bedrooms, bathroom; detached stabling; main drainage; gas and Company's water; the pleasure grounds are magnificently timbered with a diversified profusion of forest trees, shady lawns, terrace walks, flower garden.—For further particulars and orders to view apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (6,828)

ISLE OF ELY.
14 miles from a station, 17 miles from Newmarket, 76 miles from London.



TO BE SOLD, a picturesque gabled RESIDENCE, brick built, with mullioned windows, and commanding lovely views. It is approached by a carriage drive, and contains: entrance hall (54ft. by 19ft.), 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and good domestic offices; gas and water laid on; modern drainage; the stabling comprises 2 loose boxes, coach-house, men's bedrooms, motor house, harness room; charmingly laid out pleasure gardens and grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, parterres, rustic summer-house, fruit and kitchen garden, etc., in all about 4½ ACRES.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (6,863)

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RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience,* gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

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£2,500 FREEHOLD (or close offer).—A charming modern RESIDENCE, splendidly fitted and built, and containing: sitting-hall, 9 bedrooms, excellent offices, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, 2 staircases; stabling and cottages; modern sanitary fittings; main water. The gardens and grounds cover about 2 acres, and include old flagstone walk, full-sized croquet lawn, providing room for 2 tennis courts, rose and herbaceous borders, well-stocked kitchen garden, etc. —Strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, J. J. S. HARVEY, Canterbury, and WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

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OAK PANELLING ARE TWO RARE OLD PAINTINGS, WHILST MANY OAK BEAMS ARE EXPOSED TO VIEW.
Accommodation: large hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, offices; stabling; cottages and bailiff's house; farmery.
SECLUDED AND HEAVILY TIMBERED GROUNDS,
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45 ACRES TO 150 ACRES,
Lordship of the Manor of Tintinhull included. Early possession. The Property described above comprises 3 of the lots of
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WILSON AND GRAY (in conjunction with Messrs. RODDICK, COLVIN and CLARK).—Illustrated particulars and plans are now in course of preparation, and can be obtained from the Auctioneers' offices, 20, Princes Street, Yeovil, and 100, Mount Street, London, W.; Messrs. RODDICK, COLVIN and CLARK, Land Agents, 4, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London, W.C.; and Messrs. STIBBARD GIBSON and Co., 21, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

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A BARGAIN PRICE will be accepted for
A CHARMING LITTLE PLEASURE FARM
OF **232** ACRES,
practically all grass, but interspersed with woodland and intersected by a small trout stream. Picturesque modern HOUSE: 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms; standing ¼ mile back from road in pretty gardens; first-rate buildings; 3 cottages.—Personally inspected and highly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

CLOSE TO THE GLORIOUS WYE VALLEY.
7½ MILES FROM MONMOUTH.

£5,000. 160 acres.
CHOICE RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE,
Intersected by small trout stream.
PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE,
in a unique position, 500 yards from road. *High position, superb views:* 8 bedrooms, bathroom, large hall, 4 reception rooms; stabling, garage, cottage;
GRAND OLD GARDENS AND PARK.
—Sole Agents, Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and Yeovil. Highly recommended from personal inspection.

By order of the Executors of the late William Bennett, Esq.
COOMBE HILL HOUSE, BRUTON.

A PERFECTLY PLACED FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising a delightful old-fashioned creeper-clad RESIDENCE, facing South and commanding a vast expanse of superb views. The House contains: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 boxrooms, 3 w.c.'s, excellent offices, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, etc.; lodge entrance; capital stabling; beautifully timbered gardens and small park of great beauty surround the Residence; included are splendid tennis and other lawns, fine walled gardens, vinery, etc., in all about 14½ acres; hunting, polo, and golf.
WILSON AND GRAY will OFFER (at a low reserve) the above, by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C., on May 2 next, at 2 p.m. (unless Sold privately beforehand).—Illustrated particulars and plan can be obtained from the Auctioneers' offices at 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W., and 20, Princes St., Yeovil; or C. O. BENNETT, Esq., Solicitor, Bruton.

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500ft. above sea level. Gravel soil.
TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR THE SUMMER a fine ELIZABETHAN MANSION in grandly timbered park: 26 bed and dressing rooms, 6 reception, and billiard room; stabling, motor garage; the gardens are noted for their beauty; electric light throughout.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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GLORIOUS SUSSEX SCENERY
WITH SUPERB VIEWS OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.
A BEAUTIFUL OLD HOUSE, standing in a grandly timbered park of 220 ACRES; ¼ mile carriage drive with lodge: hall, 3 reception and billiard rooms, 14 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, ample offices; stabling for 7; garage; electric light; telephone: main water.
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SURREY.—3 miles from a main line station. Absolutely rural position.

FOR SALE.
AN HISTORIC TUDOR HOUSE.
With 16 acres of beautiful old-world grounds.
13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception and billiard rooms.
SEVERAL ROOMS FINELY PANELLED
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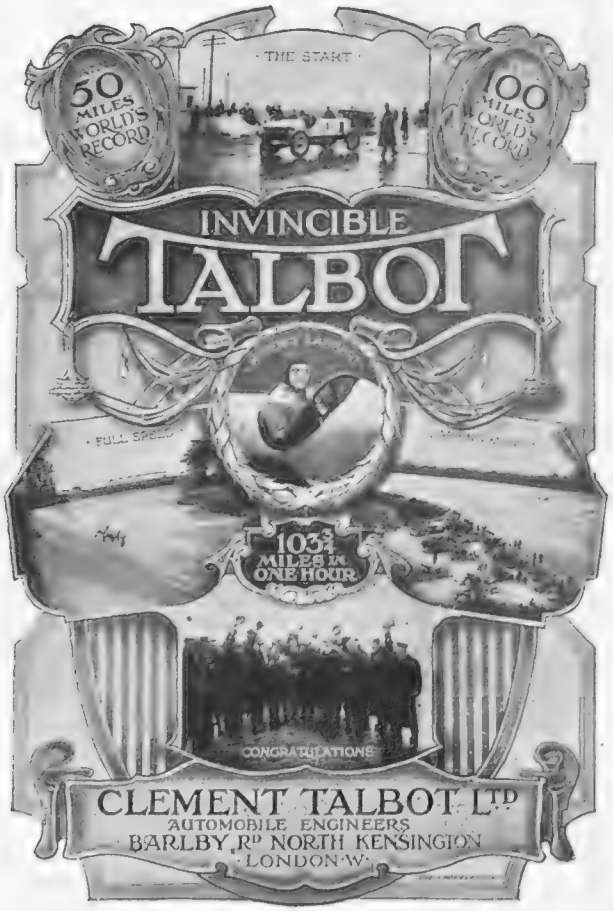

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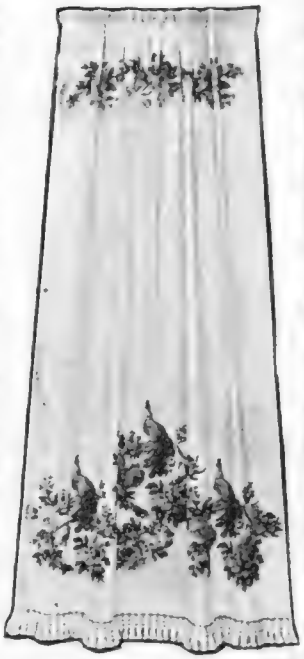

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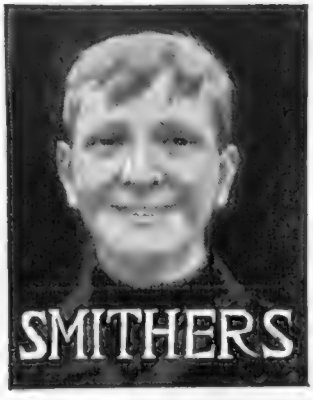

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An Ideal Coat and Skirt for Walking, in Cheviots, Serges, Angolas, and also in many fancy shades of Whipcord.

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A single-breasted, panel-fronted Coat, slightly cut away in front. Is undeniably smart, and is a perfect example of the correct style of Country Costume for the coming Season.

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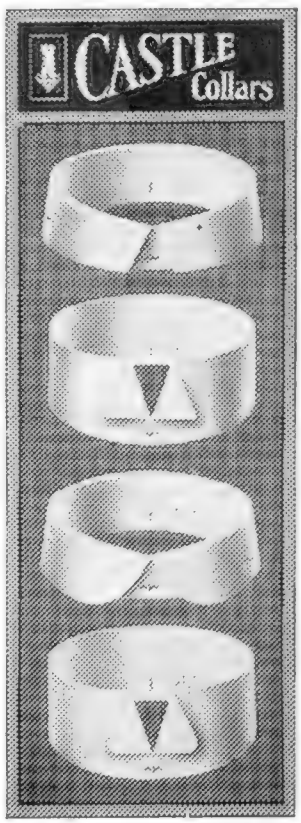

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Double Collars. First and third illustrations show two popular shapes for 1913. The first (D35) is 1¾in. deep at front and allows ample tie room notwithstanding smart effect. The third ("Box"), giving freedom to neck, is the collar of the outdoor man (1¾in. deep in front). Both are slightly deeper at back.

Wing Collars. The clean-cut appearance of these distinctive shapes makes them extremely popular for town or evening wear. 2 and 2¼in. deep, B35 (2nd illustration) having square and B22 (4th illustration) round points.

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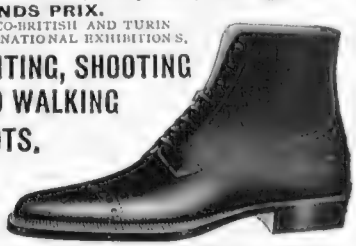


Write for Illustrated Boot Booklet and Self-measurement Apparatus, also Legging Booklet.

POPULAR FAVOURITES

A recent photograph of Miss Phyllis Bedells, of the Empire Theatre, and her 14-16 h.-p. Gregoire car. The lady is eminent on the stage of theatrical affairs. The car is not less eminent on the stage of automobile affairs. The association makes an excellent photographic study

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

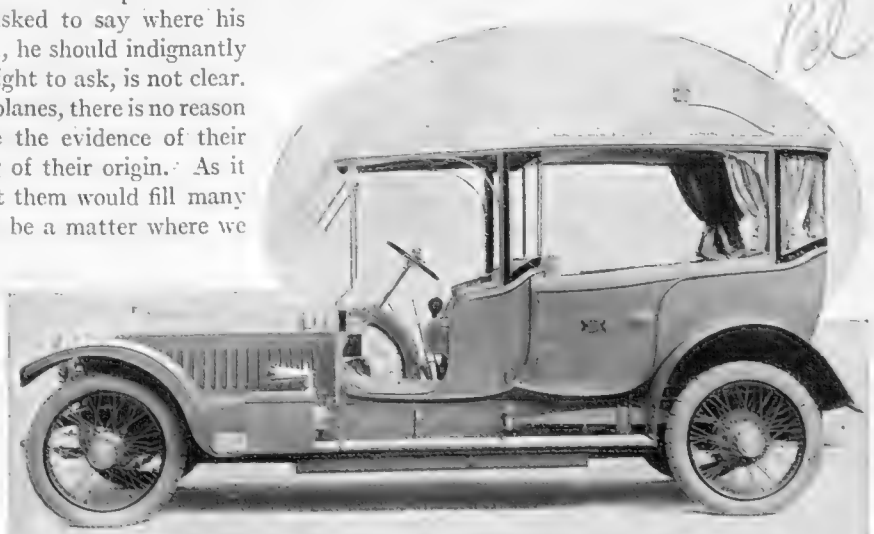
BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

All's Well With the Air?

Please, how many war planes *have* we got? Two months ago we had twenty-six. Last week we had 101 ready for war, aye, ready and eager and flapping their wings in their anxiety to be let loose at the enemy. This week we have eighty, but to-morrow, or, at any rate, by May, we are to have 148. All upon the authority of Colonel Seely. Well, if we have eighty which are completely efficient, that is nearly twice the number authoritatively supposed, and the Secretary for War has scored some points at the expense of his critics, although why, when asked to say where his additional machines come from, he should indignantly suggest that his critic had no right to ask, is not clear. After all, if we have eighty aeroplanes, there is no reason why we should not also have the evidence of their existence and know something of their origin. As it is, what we do not know about them would fill many books. This does not seem to be a matter where we should accept, without question, the bare word of the most upright of War Ministers. Also, of course, 148 (why not an even 150?) fully equipped and manned machines, when we get them, will not cause the potential enemy any loss of sleep.

Brooklands Wakes

Brooklands, for its curtain-raiser, gave us a particularly bright show; and Brooklands had its reward in the thickly populated slope where the half-crown visitors did most congregate, and a comfortably filled paddock and members' enclosure. The heavy rains had made a lake of the place just without the paddock, where, normally, many cars are parked, so that the vehicles had to mass themselves all together on the other or outer side. And a very impressive show they made. There must have been something like a quarter of a million pounds worth of automobile



A CEREMONIAL CAR

Perhaps the first state carriage ever built. The chassis is a Rolls-Royce. The body has been specially built by Barker and Co., and is a gorgeous conception in rich canary yellow with gold mountings, the upholstery being in old gold silk brocade and lace. It is designed for use by the Nizam of Hyderabad on great occasions of State

packed between the fork and the hill, where the bookmakers sing the odds. A splendid chance for female Anarchists.

Enter the Racing Peugeot

All the events (there were nine, including the aeroplane handicap) were good to watch, but none better than the three (a short and a long 100 m.p.h. handicap and a two-mile sprint) in which the racing Peugeot, tooled by Goux, competed. This Peugeot is a four-cylinder of 110 by 200, with a cubic capacity of 7,603. It is accounted a 30-horse by R.A.C. rating, and is doubtless one of the fleetest thirties Brooklands has ever supplied with cement. Goux, of course, is a driver with a big international reputation, which did not suffer as a result of the day's driving, although Goux was unfamiliar with the track and nervous about letting his Peugeot go all out. In the circumstances he was doing fairly well when his speedometer needle touched 101 m.p.h.

Some Events—Compressed

He won his first event from scratch, but only just, because the six-cylinder 30.1 h.p. Sunbeam is a very tough handful to deal with, while Mr. Tate's 41.9 h.-p. Mercedes is not lightly to be regarded, particularly when it gets a start of 30secs. in a 5¾ mile run and has the redoubtable and curly A. W. himself "up." In the other two events Goux had to content himself with second place, Mr. McBain's 52.9 h.-p. Lorraine-Dietrich getting home in the 8½ mile event (but, then, McBain had a start of 1min. 42secs., and was three-quarters of the way round the first lap before Goux got away); while in the sprint the 13.9 h.-p. Humber, driven by Tuck, did a lightning turn in acceleration, and came past the post with a hundred yards to spare—a surprising and a very fine performance for so small a vehicle. Other winners in the car events were Mr. L. T. Cadbury, on a 20.1 h.-p. Vauxhall (67½ m.p.h.), and Mr. Huth, on a 20 h.-p. Ford (56¾ m.p.h.). The cycle-car and sidecar event was finely won by Mr. Wood's G.W.K. cycle-car at 54 m.p.h., and a Rudge and a B.S.A. won the long motor-cycle handicap (8½ miles) and the short ditto (5¾ miles) respectively. An excellent day's sport—harbinger, I hope, of a record season of such.

THE LATEST FROM SCOTLAND

A very fine type of six-cylinder out of the famous Arrol-Johnstone stable, bearing with distinction an excellently devised cabriolet body

In Compression

With petrol at 1*s.* 9*d* and the threat of 2*s.* 6*d.* in the air, an economiser becomes important. Economisers are of two kinds, alleged and actual. The virtues of the former are confined to the brochure describing it. The virtues of the latter are seen in a grateful diminution of running cost. The Javal Patent Power Jet and Atomiser is in the second category. It will save 15 to 20 per cent. of petrol, and it will at the same time add to power and "flexibility." It is, therefore, twice blessed and doubly welcome. To save fourpence per gallon on present prices and add to efficiency, this is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Send a guinea to the Atlas Syndicate 124, High Street, Kensington, and the consummation of the wish will arrive next post.

The Javal Jet can be fitted to any jet carburettor. Its special feature is the brush atomiser—fine wire strands almost filling the wide mouthed jet. The petrol is sucked through this brush, and is broken up far more thoroughly than the usual jet could do it. Finer atomisation is a safeguard against waste and a guarantee of a more perfect mixture. *Ergo*, economy of petrol and greater power. Send the old jet with the order, state make of car, horse-power, and type of carburettor.

The position occupied by the Rudge-Whitworth wheel to-day is an expression of time's revenge upon the scoffer, the expert, and the superior person. The idea of the spare wheel was mocked, the mere possibility of a wire wheel effecting an economy in motoring, reviled. To-day no car is complete without a spare wheel or rim, and, as for the wire wheel, the dominant place occupied by the Rudge-Whitworth at all the shows since November—Olympia, the Paris Salon, Edinburgh, Manchester is eloquent. The Daimler test on their fleet of hiring cars was conclusive—a clear 40 per cent. tyre economy. The Rudge-Whitworth has "made good," and it is an interesting fact to-day that Mr. A. J. Balfour and Mr. S. F. Edge were the first two outside the Rudge-Whitworth Company to adopt them. Since when both have used no other and neither has regretted it.

The Humberette again. A non-stop run of 123 miles by a private owner in the A.C.U. trials, recalling the Sutton Coldfield A.C. reliability trial in which out of a field of twenty cycle-cars the baby Humber alone achieved full marks for a non-stop.

It is written of the Georges Richard, which is a car new here, but very well-known across the Straits of Dover, that it will give thirty-five miles to the gallon. That seems to call for more than a passing consideration. Write Mann and Overtons at 10, Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W.

A Correction

In a title appearing in our motor columns of March 12 the car in the photograph seen climbing Ranmore Hill is described as an A.C. cycle-car driven by Mr. J. Mundy This, we are informed, is incorrect, the car in question being a G.W.K. controlled by Mr. Keiller.

DELAHAYE—"The Car of Economical Upkeep." 12-16 h.p. Limousines and Landaulettes from £450 complete. Entire maintenance, including chauffeur, insurance, etc., undertaken for £175 per annum.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, S.W.

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THE STRONGEST
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4 by 6	4 by 7 yds.			(Carriage Paid.)	
42/-	49/6 each.				

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THE **ABINGDON CARPET MANFG. CO., Ltd.**
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Exterminated by
'LIVERPOOL' VIRUS
RATS
without danger to other animals and without smell from dead bodies. In tins ready prepared with the bait. Virus for Rats 2/6 and 6/-; for Mice, 1/6. Of all Chemists.
Write for particulars to—
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April 26—Nov. 15, 1913.

Come to Ghent this summer—visit the Universal and International Exhibition, See the famous city of flowers and historical monuments. Twenty-five Nations will be represented. Palace of Horticulture, Modern Village, Retrospective Exhibition of Railways, Congo Panorama and Museum, Palace of Fine Arts; a quarter of "Old Flanders"; Fields for Sport; International Regattas, Festivals, &c.

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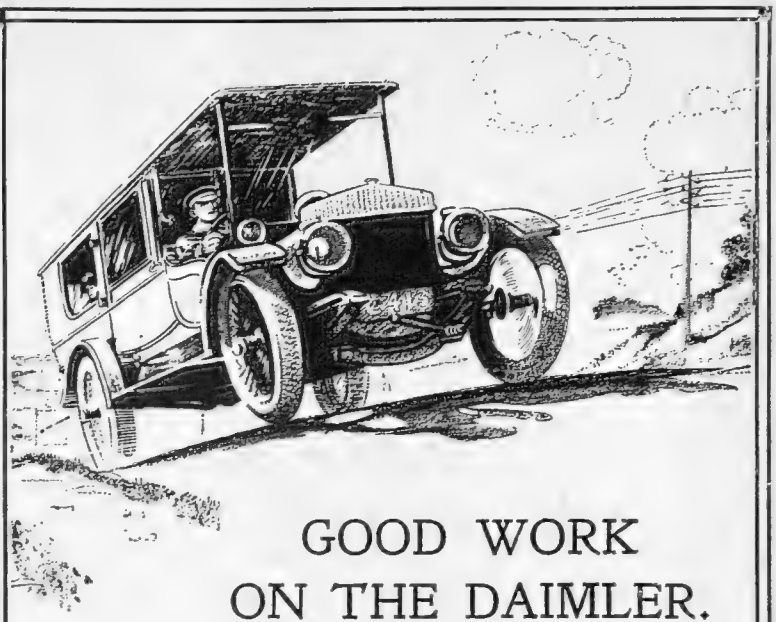

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ON THE DAIMLER.

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"Dear Sirs, "March 7th, 1913.

"I want to tell you of the splendid result I have just got from one of your 895 x 135 rubber-studded covers. It burst a few days ago after having been on one of the front wheels of my car for two years within a fortnight, and ran 11,818 miles, on anything but good roads, and with very heavy loads.

"My car is a 42 h.p. Daimler Landaulette and weighs two tons without anyone in it, and we very often have a load of seven people.

"I have had six or seven of your rubber-studded tyres, and have never had a bad one, or one that has done less than about 5,000 miles, which is not a bad record.

"Yours truly,
(*Signed*) "SYDNEY FISHER."

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TYRES

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THE JUDGMENT HOUSE

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The Watch of matchless merit
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LONDON CORSET CO. Ltd.
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French Corsets in every type, style, and material kept in stock.

The latest model, in Silk Spotted Coutille. Of perfect shape, low in bust and long over the hips, this Corset has ease-giving elastic laces to fasten the lower part in front, the top being finished off with a bordering of crochet lace with ribbon threadings. Three pairs of Suspenders keep the Corset in perfect position.

PRICE £2 : 7 : 9

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Nicoll's "En-Tout-Cas"
RAINPROOF
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£3 : 3 : 0
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Made from fine West of England Tweeds, Rainproofed by Messrs. Nicoll's "Quicksilver" process at their own works. The "Quicksilver" process renders the cloth permanently rainproof

A large selection of "En-Tout-Cas" Rainproof Wrap Coats as above illustration is always in stock in the Newest Colourings and in all sizes, and can be sent on approval.

H. J. NICOLL & Co., Ltd.,
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PARIS: 29 and 31, Rue Tronchet. MANCHESTER: 10, Mosley Street.
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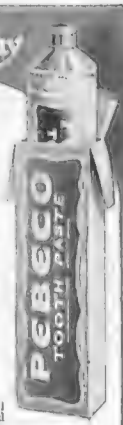
Besides keeping the teeth beautifully white and scrupulously clean and removing every trace of odour from the breath, Pebeco banishes the *deeper-seated unsuspected causes* of decay. Therein lies its unique and priceless value.



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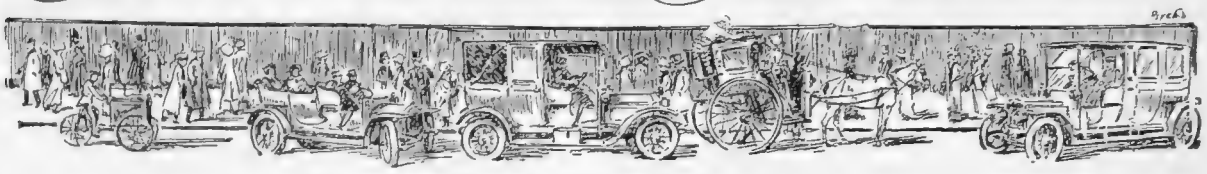
P. BEIERSDORF & CO., 7-8, Idol Lane, E.C.

Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

THE woes of those who essayed Easter holidaying are being poured into my ears. Naturally those who went motoring are most aggrieved, and I am intimately acquainted with a disastrous caravanning party, one participator creeping home on Easter Sunday with a sore throat, a worse head, a vile temper, and haggard eyes, testifying to the loss of two whole nights' sleep, the combined influence of a rocking caravan and the gales. I, who speak to you, am positively shining with satisfaction that circumstances over which I had no control kept me in Town. It would have been fairly dreary but for the presence of a certain section of the people, whose holiday clothes invariably give one to think.

The conservatism of the East End *élégante* is amazing. Year after year she appears in the same big flaunting hat, gay scarf, or scrap of moth-eaten boa round the throat, skirt dipping at the back, and long coat, supremely content in her fine disregard of change and variety. The spirit is really so good one could only wish the clothes partook of a more pleasing aspect.

Afternoon Toilette of "Souple Moire"

My first picture deals with this model, a sort of glorified coat and skirt, in navy blue, the coat opening over a vest of soft silk, conventionally patterned with hydrangea blossoms in Bulgar colourings. There is a good deal of interesting detail to be noted, such as the pannier at one side and the crossing over of the fronts to the other; also the single rever, which shows the reverse side of the *moire*. There is, too, the correct little Medici collar that enframes so seductively the bared throat, an adjunct that has securely settled down for a successful span of life.

Photograph *Talbot*

AN AFTERNOON TOILETTE

Of "souple moire" in navy blue, the coat opening over a vest of soft silk conventionally patterned with hydrangea blossoms in striking colours

Materials à la Mode

On the one hand the arbiters of Parisian modes are revelling in the most vivid, dazzling, indeed violent colours, and on the other, resting for some of their best successes on the most delicate natural tints. And in like contrast is their fashioning of the stuffs, a creation revealing a very wealth of intricacies, standing *coude-a-coude* with one of such absolute simplicity as to cause one to rub the eyes over the daring. After this last style was a gown almost *religieuse* in its severity of old blue heavy tussore, the corsage having a wide square defined in front by the tiniest piping of copper-red taffeta, another similar fold occurring at the waist of the bodice, and finally the same silk fashioned a small falling collar, finishing with a little *rabat* in front, and turn-back cuffs to the long close-fitting sleeves. The absolutely plain skirt was set into the waist in shallow folds, and tapered off considerably towards the foot. Indeed, the aim is most emphatic to achieve the appearance

of trouser-skirt, a baggy Latin Quartier pair of trousers, and quite incredibly disfiguring in some exaggerated cases.

Apropos of new materials there is *velours de laine*, a completely fresh version of our beloved serge known as "Parquet," since it is woven in sort of oblongs, frequently in two colours, such as a greyish green and dull blue, or blue and dark green, while there is also the historic navy. The "High Life" *tailleurs* are clearly much impressed by the making-up possibilities of "Parquet," although one is inclined to vision a somewhat startling result.

"Duvetyn" is another very remarkable success, a *velours* of a sort, all-silk, but apart from the suppleness and the reflections of the surface, it is absolutely a weave of its own, and unique. Both Ottoman silk and a fine poplin are being largely culled to the tailoring cause, and are oftentimes allied with moire, the latter building the coat to the skirt of one of the other fabrics.

Photograph *Talbot*

THE LATEST PARISIAN MILLINERY

Mlle. Dastry wearing a "chic" hat of old gold straw and "coq de roche" ribbon

But when these schemes are pursued, the dyeing of the two is carried out together, so that the most absolute harmony prevails. After black and navy blue the colour finding the best acceptance is "vase," green-grey, or greyish green, a neutral tint of considerable character and effectiveness.

Small versus Larger Hats

The controversy has already commenced. It was clearly on the horizon prior to Easter, but now the millinery faculty in many instances are boldly stating that the little hat must ultimately give way before the larger shady shapes. The wish may be father to the thought, but I think they are wrong. There will be large shapes worn; in fact, they are already being shown, but the small hat will, somehow, contrive to hold its own. Of that I am convinced, and at the moment in Paris the styles, like Alice in Wonderland, seem to diminish in size before the very eyes. They are ducky things, with their quaint poker mounts of flowers, or great tulle bows, poised at the back like a fluttering butterfly. Or, again, there are those wonderful spiral ostrich feathers, also the most amazing ribbon mounts. I have just had a surfeit of millinery, and so am in a special position to know these things. And from out of a plethora of choice the model illustrated stands out in distinctive recollection. It made its début under the auspices of the charming French actress, Mlle. Dastry, who is pictured wearing it, when the colours were old gold straw and *coq de roche* ribbon.

A Cure for Obesity

Sufferers from obesity seeking for a cure must often become bewildered by the number of advertisements in the papers claiming to cure this disease, and those who would rather continue in their complaint than experiment with the various "safe" cures advertised will welcome a cure that can be guaranteed by leading medical men. In Paris medicinal preparations have to be submitted with full particulars of their composition to the Paris Academy of Medicine, a body of somewhat the same nature as the British Medical Council, but possessing far greater powers, as it is a recognised Government Institution. Its autocracy is proverbial.

It is not sufficient that the article should be harmless, but it must prove to be helpful to a cure of the ailment for which it is recommended. The preparation has to be in the hands of a chemist who is responsible to the Government for its composition, thereby ensuring the public against an irresponsible compound of harmful ingredients.

The obesity cure we have in mind, Iodhyrine, has been approved in accordance with the above regulations, and its preparation is in the hands of a reputable Paris chemist, Monsieur H. Dubois.

Experiments with Iodhyrine by Dr. Boteano, of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, under the supervision of Professor Lancereaux, of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, Chairman of the Academy of Medicine of Paris, at the Hospital du Perpetuél Secours de Levallois, Paris, were most successful.

Successful Experiments

Further proof of the efficacy of Iodhyrine is to be found in the fact that it has been approved by the Medical Boards of Russia, Argentine, Brazil, and Venezuela. Unfortunately, in England no approval has to be applied for, otherwise various so-called medicines would not exist.

No other preparation can offer these medical guarantees as to its harmlessness and efficacy, and sufferers from Obesity will be well advised to write to Dr. Deschamp's Laboratory, 59-61, New Oxford Street, W.C., for a booklet containing full particulars of this valuable medicine.

The Women's Corner

SPECIAL COLLECTION OF SMART AND EFFECTIVE BEAUTY RECIPES

Home Beauty Aids

"Household Hints"

A persistently shiny nose or a dull, lifeless complexion drives many a woman to cosmetics and consequent despair. And all the time a simple remedy lies at hand in the home. If you have no cleminite in the house you need only get about an ounce from your chemist and add just sufficient water to dissolve it. A little of this simple lotion is Nature's own beautifier. It is very good for the skin and instantly gives the complexion a soft, velvety, youthful bloom that any woman might envy. It lasts all day or evening, renders powdering entirely unnecessary, and absolutely defies detection. * * * * * * * * * * To bring a natural red colour to the lips, rub them with a soft stick of prolactum.

The Killing of Superfluous Hair

"Boudoir Gossip"

It is easy to remove superfluous hair temporarily, but to remove it permanently is quite another matter. Not many women know that for this purpose such a simple substance as powdered pheminol may be used, applied directly to the hair. The recommended treatment is designed not merely to instantly remove the hair, but also to eventually kill the roots entirely. Almost any chemist could supply an ounce of pheminol, which quantity should be sufficient. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * A simple way to quickly neutralise disagreeable body odours is to dust the armpits occasionally with powdered (white) pergol. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * The use of the natural allacite of orange blossoms as a greaseless cream is becoming prevalent among the smartest women. It holds the powder perfectly, gives a delightful cool finish to the skin and does not encourage the growth of hair.

Brushing the Eyelashes

"Toilette Topics"

Much can be done to train and beautify the eyebrows and lashes by gently stroking them with a soft camel-hair eyebrow brush. There is nothing which so enhances the beauty of the face as fine eyebrows and long, curling, dark lashes. Clipping the lashes to make them grow longer and stronger was long ago abandoned as worse than useless, and smart women of to-day will risk no such radical method. Instead, many of them use a perfectly harmless but very rare and delicate substance known to chemists as mennaline. To greatly stimulate and also to darken the growth of the hairs in brow and lash, it may be applied at night with the finger-tips close to the hair roots. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Rouge is always obvious, but powdered colliandum defies detection and is quite harmless.

A Strange Shampoo

"Cosy Corner Chats"

* * * I was much interested to learn from this young woman with the beautiful glossy hair that she never washes it with soap or artificial shampoo powders. Instead she makes her own shampoo by dissolving a teaspoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water. "I make my chemist get the stallax for me," said she. "It comes only in ¼lb. sealed packages, enough to make up fifteen or twenty individual shampoos, and it smells so good I could almost eat it." Certainly this little lady's hair did look wonderful even if she has strange ideas of a shampoo. I am tempted to try the plan myself. * * * For an actual hair grower nothing equals pure boranium. It is quite harmless, and sets the hair roots tingling with new life.

Improvements in Face, Nose and Neck

BY a scientific treatment new to England, but already famous on the Continent, facial blemishes are corrected at once. The face after one treatment looks years younger. The skin becomes beautifully fresh and soft, puffs and rings under the eyes are eradicated, hollows in face and neck (Salt Cellars) are filled up, sagging cheeks are lifted, flabbiness disappears and a perfect girlish contour is restored. Unsightly noses are corrected in one visit.

MADAME WILLI is in attendance daily from 10 to 6 to offer you helpful advice—to show you how to obtain facial perfection.

To those unable to call personally, a copy of "Facial Perfection" will be sent sealed on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, package, etc.

C. H. Willi, Institute of Facial Perfection
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OSTRICH FEATHERS, BOAS, MILLINERY.

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BORWICK'S
The **BAKING POWDER** which enables the housewife to make the Best and Lightest Home-made CAKES, SCONES, PASTRY, &c.

The Menu: VARIOUS METHODS OF PREPARING SPRING LAMB

Lamb Cutlets au Parmesan

Take the best end of a neck of lamb, cut off six cutlets, and partly fry them, then steep them in a sauce made of two tablespoonfuls of white sauce in which is mixed four spoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese, coat them well over with egg and breadcrumbs, make the surface very smooth and even, and fry them a golden brown, dish them up on a mound of creamed spinach. Some good brown sauce should be handed in a boat.

Lamb Sweetbreads

Trim neatly six lamb sweetbreads, soak them in water for two hours, scald them in boiling salted water a few minutes, put them between two plates to get cold, and fry in 1oz. of butter till coloured; now put them in a stewpan with half a pint of clear veal or chicken stock, add a little chopped parsley, pepper, salt, a pinch of sugar, and six button mushrooms. Let them stew twenty minutes. Serve with the sauce poured over and round.

Stewed Lamb en Casserole

Put into an earthenware fireproof casserole 2oz. of butter. When melted place in 1½lb. to 2lb. of lamb, cut in neat pieces, using the shoulder or neck part of the meat. Season with salt and pepper, and let the meat take colour. Sprinkle over about two tablespoonfuls of flour, and cook for about ten minutes longer to brown the flour. Moisten with about three-quarters of a pint of stock or water to make the sauce. Add three small turnips cut into neat shapes, a few spring onions, two carrots cut very small, and some haricot beans which have been already cooked in water. Add pepper and a little thyme, and let the whole cook gently until the meat and vegetables are quite tender. Send to table in the casserole.

Cassolettes à la Florentine

Fill some little cases with minced lamb which has been stirred into a good sauce, and on the top of each pile a purée of vegetables. The purée may be of one vegetable only, or of several vegetables of different colours, such as turnip or potato, carrot or tomato, green pea or spinach, and mushroom. Whipped whites of eggs can be substituted for the vegetable purée, if preferred.

Lamb Cutlets in Tomato Jelly (Cold)

Boil or braise the best end of a neck of lamb, and when cold trim into cutlets. Mix together equal parts of tomato sauce and aspic jelly, and mask the cutlets with this when almost cold, and leave them to set. Serve the cutlets round a macédoine of vegetables with mayonnaise sauce, and garnish with cut-up aspic and slices of tomato.

Lamb's Fry

Wash well 1½lb. of fry, put it in a pan of cold water, simmer five minutes, dry in a cloth, season with salt, pepper, and cayenne. Dip into frying batter, fry in clarified fat a golden brown, drain, and serve with slices of lemon, or it may be dipped in egg and breadcrumbs and fried.

EMILIA

The "Ludgate" Table Service

Superior Crystal, Venetian Wave, with daintily Etched Festoon Border. Complete Service for 12 persons.

87 pieces.....£4 12s. 6d.

Ports and Sherries, 6/6 per doz.; Clarets, 8/6 per doz.; Tumblers, 7/- per doz.; and other pieces in proportion. This is a stock pattern, and any quantity may be had at any time.

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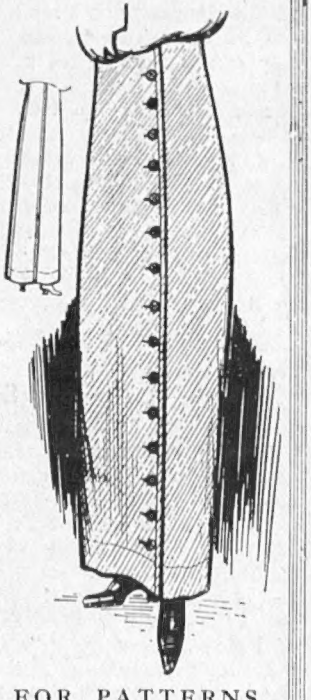

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MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT and MILK in Powder Form.

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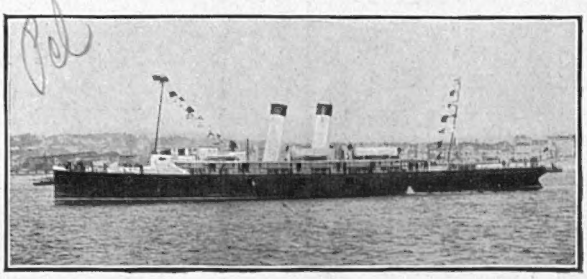
ONE TABLET OF PEARS
will Outlast Two of Common Soaps.

The Editor's Box

The Newhaven-Dieppe Route Steamers

The latest of the fine Channel steamers running in the above Continental services is the *Rouen*, which is of French construction, being built by the well-known firm of the Société des Forges et Chantiers de la Mediterranée at their works at Havre, a few particulars of which appear on this page. The *Rouen* has been fitted with three sets of Parsons' marine steam turbines of 9,000 indicated horse-power, and steam is supplied from eight Belleville water tube boilers. The saloons have been most luxuriously fitted and finished, a special feature being the beautiful inlaid woodwork which has been introduced into the scheme of decoration.



The Latest Newhaven-Dieppe Steamer "Rouen"

She is fitted with three sets of Parsons' marine steam turbines of 9,000 indicated horse-power

Ghent Exhibition

The opening of the Ghent Universal and International Exhibition, which will take place at the end of this month, will coincide with the celebrated "Ghent Floralies" Exhibition, that brings periodically several hundred thousand visitors to the old capital of the Counts of Flanders. The "Floralies" will have this year an unequalled splendour. It will take place in the new Flower Show Palace, situated in the centre of the Universal Exhibition Park. The area of the greenhouses will be about 24,000 square yards. The hothouse alone will occupy a space of 6,000 square yards. These immense greenhouses will be transformed into a beautiful garden. A marvellous palace of azaleas will be a speciality. England will rival with Belgium as regards orchidas. It is well known that the horticultural industry of the Ghent region is one of the first in the world. The "Ghent Floralies" will, therefore, be a really magnificent floral event.

Liverpool Spring Races

In connection with the Grand National Steeplechases the Great Central Company, as in past years, are arranging to run special express trains, including luncheon on the outward journey, with tea and dinner on the return, for a most moderate inclusive fare. A first-class special leaves Marylebone at 7.32 a.m. on Friday, the fare of 38*s.* 6*d.* including luncheon on the outward journey and tea and dinner on the return. Accommodation is strictly limited, and a seat will be reserved on notification being sent to Mr. A. Blanden, Marylebone Station.

Pavilion, Torquay: Wagner Festival

The centenary of Richard Wagner will be celebrated at Torquay by a festival on April 15 and 16 in the Pavilion. The municipal authorities have spared no efforts to make the performances a success. The orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. Basil Hindenberg, which consists of fifty-five performers, includes thirty members of the Queen's Hall and London Symphony Orchestras, who will be assisted by the leading Wagnerian singers of the day.

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"I believe that Mellin's Food saved baby's life."

So writes Mrs. L. Wells, of Vacoas, Mauritius. "She had been suffering from Bronchitis, followed by Diarrhœa and Sickness and was very weak. I tried many foods, when a friend recommended 'Mellin's.' On 'Mellin's' Freda began to mend, to what extent the photo (taken at nine months, when she weighed 21 lbs.) shows clearly enough. Even in this island of mosquitoes 'Mellins' has become famous."

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A Sample Bottle of Mellin's Food, sufficient to prove its value, and useful Handbook for Mothers, "The Care of Infants," sent Free on request. Mention this paper. Address Sample Department, MELLIN'S FOOD, Ltd., PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

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Complexion perfection is greatly a matter of cultivation. If every woman made it a daily practice to gently massage her face with La-rola, she would possess a clear and soft complexion rivalling the peach in delicacy and hue.

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